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HOW TO RECITE

A SCHOOL SPEAKER

BY

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AUTHOR OF "ELOCUTION AND ACTION," ETC.

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Dedicated to

JOHN A. BROWNING

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SOU. HOW TO RECITE
E-P 1

PREFACE

This collection includes representative selections from the best literature, arranged and condensed for effective use in school declamation.

Part First gives a sufficient outline of the technique to guide the student, but presupposes some knowledge and training on the part of the teacher.[1]

Part Second consists entirely of selections, arranged as closely as practicable on a historical plan, but interspersed with examples of colloquial and humorous styles, the study of which will help to counteract the tendency toward a stilted and declamatory manner.

The criticism has been justly made that the so-called old elocution did not take sufficient account of fundamental psychological processes. On the other hand, certain recent methods erred quite as greatly in ignoring the technique of voice and action. If the old school often fostered a mechanical and "elocutionary" delivery, the tendency to rely exclusively on thought and impulse has resulted quite as often in either cold self-conscious intellectualism, or impassioned rant, according to the idiosyncrasy of teacher or pupil. A truly philosophical method will be coördinative from the outset, and a considerable

---

[1] The author's primer of *Elocution and Action* [New York: Edgar S. Werner] is recommended as a supplementary text-book for students who wish a more complete knowledge of the subject, as well as for teachers who are unfamiliar with the technical problems of the art. An advanced treatise is in preparation.

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experience with professional students, representing both new and old methods, has convinced me that some such combination of psychic and physical training as is illustrated herein is the only one which can produce satisfactory results.

The order of study is that which I have used with success. It will be noticed that each step is exemplified by a number of selections. While it may be necessary to anticipate occasionally, the best plan is to dwell upon each step until it is mastered. For instance, in the study of phrasing, while the teacher might correct some obvious fault of emphasis, the pupil's attention should not be distracted from phrase grouping and pause. The teacher should note, however, that though the imaginative and emotional processes are more fully considered in later chapters, they are touched upon in the introductory chapter, and that expression presupposes from the outset the fullest possible coördination of all the psychic processes.

Rightly studied, as the art of interpretation, elocution is a key to the spiritual meaning of all great literature. No man was ever yet truly eloquent in an ignoble cause, and no boy or girl can live in communion with eloquence without being helped to a nobler ideal of personal conduct.

Acknowledgment is due to Messrs. Harper & Brothers and the Century Company for permission to use copyrighted selections. I wish especially to thank Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Company for permission to use the copyrighted selections from the works of Bryant, Hay, Higginson, Holmes, and Whipple, of which they are the authorized publishers.

F. TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK.

The New York School of Expression,
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PART I

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

The art of reading consists in speaking the words of another so as to bring out their full meaning. But words are not important in themselves; they are only the signs of things, of ideas about things, or of feelings awakened by these. That is, we usually speak, not to utter sounds merely, but to tell others what we think or feel, or to describe what we have seen or heard.

Literature is the effort of man to express himself by written language, and to read literature aloud requires not merely command of the voice, but complete understanding of and sympathy with the thoughts and emotions of the author.

When the poet writes: —

> I would not enter on my list of friends
> (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
> Yet wanting sensibility) the man
> Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
>
> — Cowper, *The Task.*

it is not merely for the amusement of composing verse, but because he hates cruelty and wishes to express his sentiments in language that shall not only be adequate to his meaning, but which, being cast in poetic form, will be more likely to be read and remembered than if it were in prose. So, the reader of these lines must regard his art, not as a mere means of playing with sounds and emotions, but of teaching the lesson of kindness. To say with real expression: —

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

— Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner.*

the speaker must believe what he says.

Not only must one believe, but he must wish to *make others believe*, and try to read so that they shall agree with him.

He will do this most effectively if he reads or speaks so well that his auditors forget that he is reading at all, and almost imagine that he is speaking his own words. The highest compliment that can be paid to a reader or reciter is not: "How well you recited that poem!" but "What a beautiful poem you recited!" or "I never appreciated that poem until you interpreted it for me!"

That is the ideal toward which our studies should tend, and it is as important for the student of oratory as for the elocutionist. So long as the audience are occupied with the gestures or even the language of the orator, he has failed. It is only when they become so interested in the matter that they forget the manner that he can be said to succeed. But this does not mean that manner should be neglected, for he who has a bad manner will find not only that it distracts the attention of his audience, but that the consciousness of awkwardness or inefficiency is a constant source of embarrassment to himself.

Words are not only signs of ideas; they *picture* or *suggest* pictures.

The words "a mad dog," for instance, call up at once in our minds, not the forms of the letters composing the words, or the mere sounds the letters make, but a mental "image" or "picture." Some of us who have vivid imaginations could, perhaps, see a very clear picture, with many accessories, such as people running away from the dog, the street or road where the beast is, even the size, color, and other peculiarities of the animal, the foam which flecks his snapping jaws, and the glare of his eyes as he rushes toward us. Perhaps some think they hear the cries of the frightened people or the fierce growls of the creature. This action of the mind in picturing is called imagination. But the thought or vivid image of a mad dog will probably call up something like the unpleasant feelings we should have if we really saw one, just as the thought of a long vacation causes pleasure. These and like feelings we know as *emotions* and *sensations*.

Thought, *imagination*, and *feeling* are the inner, or mental processes, which find expression in *voice* and *action*.

If we would express naturally, we must *think* and *feel* naturally.

Rules will help us, but they cannot supply the place of mental action.

In order to express our thoughts as we would wish, both voice and body must be trained to respond to the mind. Ease of manner is attained by command of the body and of the voice.

Our first exercises must necessarily be somewhat mechanical and less interesting than those that follow later, but in no art or accomplishment can skill be obtained without drudgery. Neglect of fundamentals is the cause of half the failures in life.

In this book we have no space for explaining the reasons for all our exercises, but the student may be sure that they have been tested by practical experience, and that, if faithfully practiced, they will lead to success.

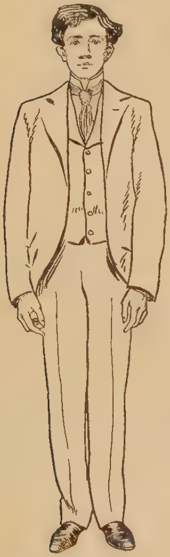
CHAPTER II

ATTITUDES OF THE BODY

"ATTENTION" OR "RESPECT"

EXERCISE I

Bring the heels together and stand perfectly straight, as a soldier would, with arms at the sides, weight not on the heels, but on the middle of the foot, "eyes front." Avoid stiffness, but try to feel as tall as possible.



EXERCISE II

(1) Inhale through the nostrils slowly, filling the lungs from the waist to the top of the chest, but without lifting the shoulders. (2) Hold the breath. (3) Slowly exhale. Imagine you inhale the perfume of a rose. Be careful not to protrude the stomach when breathing, but rather to draw it in.

EXERCISE III

Breathing in the same way, (1) rise slowly but gently, as if trying to reach the ceiling with your head, until the heels are as high off the floor as possible without loss of balance. (2) Keep this position and hold the breath. Imagine that the breath in your lungs holds you up as the hydrogen would raise a balloon. (3) As you exhale, come back to the original position.

The Attitude of Attention or Respect is preliminary to the bow. In practising for public appearance, it is well to walk forward a few steps, as you would on the platform, then bring the heels together as you face your audience.

EXERCISE IV

BOWING

Standing as before, bend the head slowly, glancing from one to another of an imaginary audience as you do so. Do not drop the eyes to the floor. The trunk or torso should have a slight sympathetic inclination. The orator's manner should always be dignified. On the platform he first bows to the presiding officer, then to the audience. If the auditorium is of considerable size, or if he is received with especial applause, he may find it necessary to bow several times, to the right, left, balconies, etc., but without good reason he would do better to confine himself to a single simple acknowledgment.

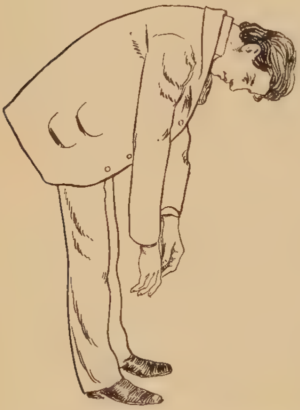
When a lady bows, one foot is retired with the knee bent, and the body sinks back upon it, then returns to the erect position. This action should not be overdone. The elaborate courtesy is out of place on the platform.

EXERCISE V

FOR FLEXIBILITY AND EASE OF THE BODY

(1) Slowly bend the body forward as far as possible, the arms hanging loosely at the sides. Be sure that the movement is a blend of first head, then torso, and that the torso bends in a curve, not as if the body were

hinged or jointed at the waist and neck and rigid elsewhere. (2) Let the body remain in this position until every joint and muscle of the torso, neck, and arms is perfectly free and hangs by its own weight. (3) Return slowly to an erect position. Repeat several times, or go on to (4) Bend backward in the same way. (5) Return. (6) Bend to the right side. (7) Return. (8) Bend to the left. (9) Return. (10) Circle the torso, *i.e.* bend forward, and then carry the torso successively to the right, back, left, front, etc., in a circle, letting the arms go as gravitation compels them. (11) Return to the erect position, and finally (12) Bow as described above.[1]



EXERCISE VI

FLEXIBILITY OF THE NECK

Holding the torso erect, bow and circle the head alone in the same way. Later, combine intonation with this exercise to insure freedom of the larynx in speaking, as directed in Chapter VII.

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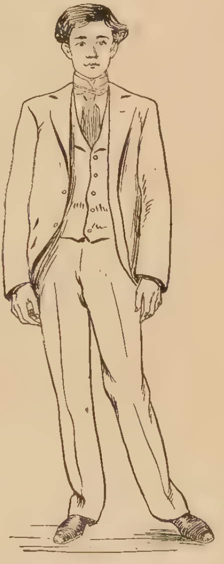
[1] In the above exercise the hip will naturally sway in the opposite direction from the chest in order to maintain the balance. Do not try to prevent this. If dizziness results, practice more gently and for a shorter time.

EXERCISE VII

THE SPEAKER'S POSITION



Having finished your bow, carry the weight of the body to ONE FOOT ONLY by swaying the hip out at the side, until the median line of the body is over the middle of the foot. This foot is called the STRONG foot, as it supports the body. When this position is taken with perfect ease, the body is no longer stiffly erect, but has a graceful and flexible appearance. The shoulders *oppose*, as we say, the hip, being inclined slightly toward the *weak* or *free* side of the body, while the head again inclines slightly toward the strong side. The free foot, that is, the one which does not support the weight, should be carried outward a little, either laterally or obliquely. Be sure that it rests only on the inner edge and that the free knee is perfectly relaxed. It makes no difference whether you stand on the right or left foot.

With the free foot about opposite the strong foot, the position is normal or neutral. With the strong foot retired, the free foot obliquely in front, the position is expressive of concentration, command, or repose. With the strong foot advanced, free foot obliquely retired, the attitude expresses animation, attraction.

In addressing an audience we usually reserve the last position for moments when we are especially desirous of winning their sympathy.

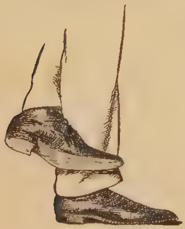
Avoid unnecessary movements of the body.

We shift the weight from one foot to another only when there is a reason for it. When a new paragraph is begun or when there is a decided transition of thought, it is well to emphasize the fact by a considerable pause and by a change of the weight from one foot to another. The following exercises will aid in gaining grace and ease in attitude.

EXERCISE VIII

TESTS OF POISE

Standing as above, (1) tap the floor with the free foot, in front, behind, at the side, and across the body, and notice whether this disturbs the poise of the body. (2) Place the free foot at the back of and around the strong ankle, without disturbing the poise. (3) With the free foot around the ankle, throw the arms about freely, or (4) Rise on one foot without change of poise.

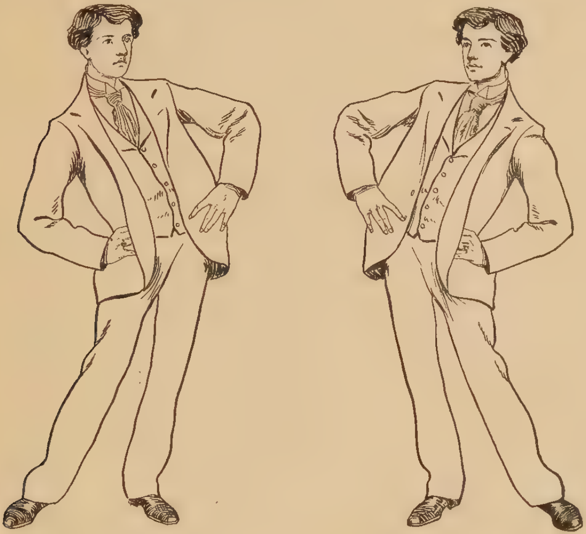


Be sure that, in all these exercises, the body does not stiffen.

EXERCISE IX

SWAYING THE HIP

Placing the hands on the hips, sway the hip out over the strong side as far as possible. Then sway to the opposite side until the hip is as far as possible over the foot. Let the shoulders move as little as possible. Do this in all directions, laterally and obliquely.



EXERCISE X

TRANSITION OF POISE

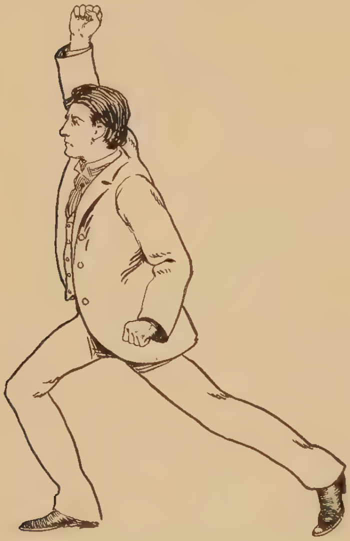
Change the weight from one foot to the other by gently swaying the hip. Imagine that you address various persons in different parts of the room. For example, standing on the right foot:—

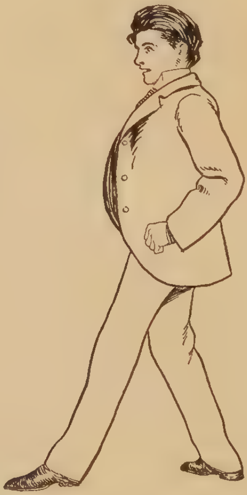
(1) Look toward some one or something obliquely at your left, (2) transfer the weight to the left foot, that is, the foot that is nearest the object of your attention, (3) occasionally raise the arm in the following order, upper arm, forearm, hand, as if to shake hands with the person you address. (4) Slowly relaxing the arm, turn in the opposite direction, and repeat the exercise. Be careful not to

shuffle the feet. Practice turning in all possible directions, advancing the foot, retiring, turning halfway around, etc., but always noticing that the free foot points in the new direction before you change the weight. This does away with the very ungraceful screwing about of the foot after the weight of the body is on it.

EXERCISE XI

Keeping the body erect (with the heels together at the start), (1) advance the free foot as far as possible with the knee bent. (2) Transfer the weight. (3) Spring back to the opposite position, but on the same foot. (4) Spring forward. Practice in all directions. The arms may be as in the diagram, or in any other strong attitude.





CHAPTER III

LOGICAL EXPRESSION

The simplest forms of expression are those which for convenience we designate as Logical; that is, dealing chiefly with thoughts, or statements of facts, and the relations of one idea or fact to another.

The simplest of the logical forms is called the Didactic style of speaking, because it aims to instruct, to give information, rather than to amuse us or excite our sympathies. The manner which we habitually use in ordinary intercourse is called the Conversational style of address. It is not so precise and exact as the didactic. The most familiar form of conversation is the Colloquial. Such expressions as *don't* for *do not*, *we'll* for *we will*, and familiar forms of address, like *hello, old fellow!* are examples of colloquial diction. So, the delivery of colloquial language should be more careless and familiar than that of the other forms of logical expression.

But, curiously enough, though we all speak colloquially, few of us can read with even a fair imitation of the conversational manner. It is enough, at first, if we succeed in reproducing the didactic style.

In the following illustration, Webster, one of the greatest of orators, endeavors to impress upon us the necessity for cultivating those powers which are the basis of all true oratorical success.

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction.

How shall we read this so as to make it impressive?

First of all, by *thinking Webster's thoughts over again*, — not merely thinking about them, but convincing ourselves of their truth; and, second, by *endeavoring to impress those thoughts upon our auditors* so that they shall be convinced. It is hardly necessary to say that in order to do this, one must thoroughly understand the meaning of the author he would interpret. To express naturally we must concentrate on *one thought at a time.* A group of words that expresses a single thought or feeling, describes a single event, or pictures one scene for us, is called a *phrase.*

The greatest essential in phrasing, and the one most neglected by readers and speakers, is *pause.*

In the above example we must wait for each thought to make its impression upon the auditor before we speak the next. We pause in speaking our own thoughts because we must, in order to arrange our words; but in reading aloud, and especially in reciting what has become familiar to us by frequent repetition, there is great danger of neglecting this, and forgetting that what is old to us, is new, or supposed to be new, to the audience.

The best rule to follow is to *pause for every thought.*

In the pause try to think the new thought, see the new picture, or feel the new emotion as if it had never been thought, seen, or felt before in your life.

Phrases are sometimes marked by a slur ⌒ over each group, sometimes by one or more vertical lines |, ||, |||, between the phrases, according to the length of the intervening pause. Where the slur is used, we indicate a very slight pause thus ⌣, showing that though there is a momentary cessation of sound, the thoughts are too closely connected to admit of a distinct separation.

In reading aloud, consider each phrase as a temporary compound word, with the accent falling on the most important word. Speak the unimportant words clearly, but not overcarefully ; that is, just as you would speak the unaccented syllables of any word which you wish your hearer to understand fully, but not as if each word or syllable were as important as the others. Treat the different phrases in the same way, speaking the most important ones more slowly and impressively than the rest, and passing lightly over those which you regard as of little comparative consequence. The more earnest the speaker, the more frequent the pauses. In reading poetry, especially where rhyme and meter are prominent, it is of the greatest importance to phrase carefully. The unpleasant effect known as singsong arises from neglect of pause and rhythm.

Take a breath for each phrase. The more important the thought, the deeper and fuller should be the breath, but "use all gently."

Analyze the following selections for phrasing.

There is one broad proposition, Senators, upon which I stand. It is this — that an American sailor is an American citizen, and that no American citizen shall, with my consent, be subjected to the infamous punishment of the lash. Placing myself upon this proposition, I am prepared for any consequences.

— Commodore Stockton, *Against Whipping in the Navy.*

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters, —
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true.

How would you phrase the following: (*a*) for conversation, (*b*) for a very earnest and impressive didactic expression?

The only method of acquiring effective elocution is by practice, of not less than an hour a day, until the student has his voice and himself thoroughly subdued and trained to right expression. — Henry Ward Beecher.

ILLUSTRATIVE SELECTIONS

TRUE ELOQUENCE

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain.

Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, but cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power; rhetoric is vain; and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose of firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object, — this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence. It is *action, noble, sublime, godlike action!* —WEBSTER.

OTHELLO'S DEFENSE

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters, —
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet by your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love, what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charged withal,)
I won his daughter.
Her father loved me; oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history.
These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence:
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, — in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake;
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

— SHAKESPEARE.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

[For avoiding singsong. Try to read as colloquially as possible.]

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the riverside,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman and to himself said he:
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see;
I read it in the story book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam ;
O there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain, —
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — " O what was that, my daughter ? "
" 'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
" And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast ?"
" It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — " Now bring me my harpoon !
I'll get into my fishing boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones ! she waked not from her swound,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the wave was drowned ;
But fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe ;
And now they keep an oystershop for mermaids, down below.

— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TRUE PATRIOTISM

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself.

The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism, which, soaring toward heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself, — that is public virtue, that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues.

— Henry Clay.

TALK TO AN ART UNION

It is a beautiful truth that all men contain something of the artist in them. And perhaps it is the case that the greatest artists live and die, the world and themselves alike ignorant what they possess. Who would not mourn that an ample palace, of surpassingly graceful architecture, fill'd with luxuries, and embellish'd with fine pictures and sculpture, should stand cold and still and vacant, and never be known or enjoy'd by its owner? Would such a fact as this cause you sadness? Then be sad. For there is a palace, to which the courts of the most sumptuous kings are but a frivolous patch, and, though it is always waiting for them, not one of its owners ever enters there with any genuine sense of its grandeur and glory.

I think of few heroic actions, which cannot be traced to the artistical impulse. He who does great deeds, does them from his innate sensitiveness to moral beauty. Such men are not merely artists, they are also artistic material. Washington in some great crisis, Lawrence on the bloody deck of the *Chesapeake*, Mary Stuart at the block, Kossuth in captivity, and Mazzini in exile — all great rebels and innovators, exhibit the highest phases of the artist spirit. The painter, the sculptor, the poet, express heroic beauty better in description; but the others *are* heroic beauty, the best belov'd of art.

Talk not so much then, young artist, of the great old masters, who but painted and chisell'd. Study not only their productions. There is a still higher school for him who would kindle his fire with a coal from the altar of the loftiest and purest art. It is the school of all grand actions and grand virtues, of heroism, of the death of patriots and martyrs — of all the mighty deeds written in the pages of history — deeds of daring and enthusiasm, devotion and fortitude.

— WALT WHITMAN.

CHAPTER IV

THE MELODY OF EMPHASIS

NOTHING is more wearisome to the listener than a dead level of monotonous speech, unless it be a meaningless melody. A careful observance of the following directions will enable the student to avoid both faults.

The words of each phrase cluster about some one word, which is the key word or thought word of the group. This word is the one upon which both mind and voice dwell for the longest time. It is usually spoken with a stronger accent, or upon a higher or lower pitch, than the rest. It is called the Emphatic word. In logical expression we shall invariably find that *the emphatic word is the word which completes the new idea.*

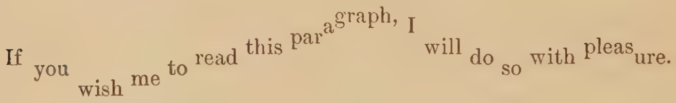
The degrees of emphasis are many. We commonly speak of the most important as Primary, the next as Secondary, and the others as Subordinate.

Those passages which are distinctly unemphatic we speak of as Subordinate.

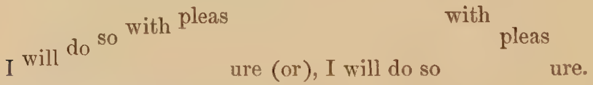
In refined speech emphasis is manifested by Melody, produced by change of pitch and quantity, that is, greater or less prolongation of tone. For greater precision and earnestness, we often pause before the emphatic word. This pause, in didactic speech, is often filled in with a gesture of the index finger.

In an unimportant phrase there is, strictly speaking, no real emphasis, for the word implies an intention to make an idea more or less prominent, but still there is always some degree of melodic change as there is always variety of rhythmical movement.

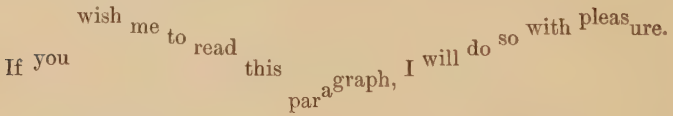
In such a sentence as, "If you wish me to read this paragraph, I will do so with pleasure," there may be little emphasis, in which case the melodic relations of the words might be represented approximately: —


If you wish me to read this paragraph, I will do so with pleasure.

or, if spoken with greater animation, the second phrase might be represented thus: —


I will do so with pleasure (or), I will do so with pleasure.

or the emphasis might be different: —


If you wish me to read this paragraph, I will do so with pleasure.

Implying that you would not do so if it were not desired. Notice, too, the unfinished sound of the sentence if spoken with the last word on a pitch above the starting point, or key note, implying "but otherwise it would be anything but a pleasure."

Notice that each shade of emphasis shows some degree of contrast, either expressed or implied.

For example: "If *you* (not he) wish"; "If you wish *me* (not some one else)"; "*this* paragraph" (not another).

Try to see how many shades of meaning you can give to this and similar sentences.

As we read the above examples, we shall notice, (1) that *the accented syllable of the most important word is usually spoken on a higher* pitch than *the rest;* (2) that *the secondary emphasis is often pitched a little lower* than the starting note; (3) that unimportant words are spoken more rapidly and carelessly; (4) that the greater the emphasis, the wider the range of the voice; (5) that, at the completion of a statement, the emphatic words often proceed downward. This is called Cadence, or Close, and indicates completion, or finality, of statement.

We shall find that contrasted thoughts and pictures have contrast in pitch: —

Neither a *borrower* nor a *lender* be.

Neither a *borrower* nor a *lender* be.

The primary emphasis is not always on a higher note than the rest of the phrase, for the pitch, not only of the emphatic word, but of the phrase, sentence, or whole selection, is determined to a great extent by its meaning, and especially by the motion of the speaker.

Thus, unpleasant or base things have low pitch, while pleasant and joyful moods are usually associated with higher tones. Compare: "How beautiful!" "It is a fearful sight." "Isn't it jolly!" "Poor fellow!" "How disgusting!" "I hate him!"

The pitch of the voice is lower for serious than for trivial ideas, and in speaking very solemnly the voice, instead of rising, is apt to descend, not merely for the emphatic word, but throughout the whole phrase or sentence.

The voice, too, suggests many qualities of the objects we describe, not only by its pitch, but by the rate of movement. "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean" would sound very ridiculous if spoken with the pitch and rhythm of

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
  Near to the nest of his little dame;
Over the mountain side or mead
  Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.

—Bryant.

To say "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day" with brisk movement, high pitch, and joyful melody would be as incongruous as to say "A hurry of hoofs in the village street" with slow and measured expression. Note, however, that in excitement, though the phrases are spoken quickly, the pauses must not be neglected, or the effect will be of mere gabble.

With regard to the melodic direction of unimportant words, the reader will do best to trust to instinct. If he will endeavor to bring out the emphatic words melodically as well as rhythmically, the others will take care of themselves.

Avoid emphasis by force, except where the expression absolutely requires it, as in loud calling, or in explosive anger.

Other means of emphasis will be discussed further on.

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor's at the stake.

—Shakespeare, *Hamlet.*

A fool always wants to shorten space and time; a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and time; a wise man, first to gain them, then to animate them.

— RUSKIN.

And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

— READ.

Musick more loftly swels
In speeches nobly placed;
Beauty as farre excels
In action aptly graced.

— SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

From little matters let us pass to less,
And lightly touch the mysteries of DRESS;
The outward forms the inner man reveal, —
We guess the pulp before we cut the peel.
I leave the broadcloth, — coats and all the rest, —
The dangerous waistcoat, called by cockneys "vest,"
The things named "pants" in certain documents,
A word not made for gentlemen, but "gents";
One single precept might the whole condense:
Be sure your tailor is a man of sense;
But add a little care, a decent pride,
And always err upon the sober side.

— HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson.*

SUBORDINATION

By subordination we mean the reverse of emphasis, that is subduing certain passages or making them relatively less important than the rest. Just as the painter brings out certain features of his picture by painting others in the background, so the reader often makes a phrase emphatic by slurring or subordinating the rest of the sentence. Generally, subordinate passages are spoken more rapidly, and on a slightly lower key, than the important ones. Parentheses and explanatory clauses are usually subordinate in reading. Everything that is supposed to be taken for granted, or known beforehand to both speaker and audience, or which requires no explanation, is glanced over very lightly. Colloquial speech is especially characterized by subordination, since it presupposes that both speaker and auditor are on familiar terms, whereas didactic speech, as we have already seen, requires more careful emphasis and strict attention to details.

In the following quotation the reader should take for granted more or less knowledge on our part of the various fascinations of Florence, and try to concentrate our attention on its associations with Galileo. Notice, too, that the author assumes that we know of Galileo's imprisonment :—

> There is much in every way in the city of Florence to excite the curiosity, kindle the imagination, and gratify the taste; but among all its fascinations, addressed to the sense, the memory, and the heart, there was none to which I more frequently gave a meditative hour, during a year's residence, than to the spot where Galileo Galilei sleeps beneath the marble floor of Santa Croce; no building on which I gazed with greater reverence than I did upon that modest mansion at Arceti: villa once, and prison, in which that venerable sage, by the command of the Inquisition, passed the sad closing years of his life. — EVERETT.

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICE

POLONIUS TO LAERTES

Farewell. My blessing with you:
And these few precepts in thy memory

Look thou charàcter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quàrrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, — To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

— SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet.*

GRADATIM

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
  That a noble deed is a step toward God,

Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
Frow the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

AWAIT THE ISSUE

In this world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing — the true thing.

My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In Heaven's name, No!"

Thy "success"? Poor fellow, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing.

It is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Toward an eternal center of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the center. The Heaviest has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating: "See, your Heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centerward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies, indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous, unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland; no, because brave men rose there and said, "Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!"

Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, coöperates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

— Carlyle.

CHAPTER V

INFLECTION

If we listen attentively to the speech of those about us, we shall notice not only that the words vary in time and pitch, but also that no one sound remains on quite the same note for any appreciable length of time. This is especially noticeable in the emphatic words, where sometimes we hear a very long sweep of the voice up or down.

This change of pitch on a syllable is called Inflection or Slide, in distinction from Skips of the voice, as in exclamations ("Oh, no!") or from the melody of emphasis, already described.

Inflections are usually designated as: Falling (\), Rising (/), Monotone (–), Circumflex or Compound (^ ˅, ∿ ∽).

The Falling slide is positive, certain, and shows completeness: "Yes, certainly."

The Rising slide is characteristic of all dependent, uncertain, incomplete moods of mind. For instance, in asking a simple question like, "Will you go?" the inflection and melody both rise, "Will you go?" leaving, as it were, the thought in the air, to be completed by the person addressed, who, if he answers positively, will speak with a falling tendency, completing the little speech melody by bringing his voice back to the keynote, for example: —

"Wíll yóu gó?" "Cèrtainly."

But *rhetorical* questions generally have falling inflection: —

Wìll yòu sìt dòwn, sìr?

while very serious questions with surprise usually have falling melody with rising inflections: —

And do you now cull out a holiday

The Monotone may be best described as the absence of definite inflection, rather than as an absolutely unvarying pitch. It is heard in the prolonged tones of calling, as, "*Hello-o-o-o!*" and in emotions which check the normal tendencies of inflection, as awe, solemnity, or suspense. An habitual monotone in reading betrays a lack of thought, or inability to make careful distinctions between ideas.

There was silence, and I heard a voice saying,
"Shall mortal man be more just than God?
Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. — DAVID.

Hush! — Hark! Did stealing steps go by?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.
— SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet.*

THE BEND

Positive statements often depend on other statements, expressed or understood, and in these, while the general tendency may be downward, there is always a suspension, sometimes a slight upward turn at the end, showing that the thought is not absolutely complete, thus:—

C̀ertainlý, (if you wish it).

This slight turn or suspense of the falling inflection is commonly known as the Bend. It is heard in all parenthetical clauses, in so-called compellatives, like, "Mr. President," "John"; for example:—

"Conscript Fathers: I do not rise to waste the night in words."

It also occurs in expressions like, "Said he," preceding a quoted speech; for example:—

And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

Here we have no completed thought until the last line, though the other statements are positive enough to be characterized by falling inflections; so we hear just enough of the bend at the end of each subordinate thought to keep us in suspense or direct our attention toward something yet to come.

It makes no difference whether the dependent clause precedes or follows the principal one, the bend is heard in either case. In fact, wherever a positive thought is not important enough to require special emphasis, the falling inflection is left more or less incomplete. The bend should not be confounded with the direct rising inflection. It is one of the most difficult yet one of the most important elements in natural speech.

Inflection shows not only the relation of thoughts to one another, but the relation of the one who speaks to the person addressed. Thus, "Sìt dòwn" (spoken with a direct falling inflection) is a command. "Sìt dŏwn" (with a bend) is deferential — says, "if you please." "Sít dówn" (direct rising inflection) is equivalent to "Will you sit down?" and leaves the matter entirely to the person to whom we speak.

MINOR INFLECTION

Minor inflections are heard in expressions of weakness, pity, and the like. The minor inflection is, as its name implies, a shortened form of the ordinary or Major inflection. It is usually overdone, resulting in a disagreeable whining tone. The true minor, however, as heard in expressions of deep but controlled sadness, is exceedingly moving.

An habitual minor inflection usually indicates physical or mental weakness, or both. In pathetic passages, where the minor would be appropriate, it is most effective if used only on the emphatic word. Read as if the emotion checked the normal utterance, not as if trying to emphasize the feeling. The best method is to feel as sad as possible and then try to read with simple major inflection.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of the vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

— TENNYSON.

EXERCISE

FOR RANGE IN INFLECTION

Take a full breath, and, starting from a low pitch, say quite loudly, "Ah?" with as long a slide as possible, *expanding* the chest as the voice rises. Repeat five times. Use also *ā*, *ē*, *ō*, *o͞o*, *a͞u*, "one," "two," "three," etc., up to ten. In the same way practice extreme falling slides from a high pitch. Practice slowly and steadily, occasionally quickly. Later, use circumflexes and monotones.

A combination of rising and falling slides is called the Circumflex. The circumflex inflection has a double meaning. It is heard in irony, sarcasm, and less obviously in raillery. In the following example (from *Rabbi ben Karshook's Wisdom*), notice not only the effect of the circumflex, but also the value of inflection as a means of emphasizing distinctions: —

Quoth a young Sadducee, —
  "Reader of many rolls,
Is it so certain we
  Have, as they tell us, souls?"
"Son, there is no reply!"
  The Rabbi bit his beard:

"Certain, a soul have *I* —
  We may have none," he sneered.
Thus Karshook, the Hiram's-Hammer,
  The Right-Hand Temple column,
Taught babes in grace their grammar,
  And struck the simple, solemn.

— BROWNING.

There are many shades of inflective modulation. All shades of what is called Elliptical meaning are expressed by varying forms of the slide. In didactic speech, the inflections are very direct and precise, the chief object being to make everything clear and avoid any possibility of misunderstanding. In the freer and more familiar manner of colloquial speech there is no attempt at precision, and we notice a much wider range of melody and more varied rhythm, a more frequent use of the bend, with a general tendency toward the rising inflection. Again, in persuasive or affectionate speech of any kind, the inflection is characterized by a slight curve, or caressing manner, as in, "Good doggie," or, "Isn't it beautiful?"

We have now studied the essentials of naturalness. If your reading is monotonous, ask yourself whether pause, rhythm, melody, or inflection is lacking. If your reading sounds stilted or artificial, ask yourself which of these is overdone or out of place.

An excellent way of attaining naturalness in difficult passages is to first express the thought in your own words and then read the passage, imitating your own expression. Transposition of the words is also useful, especially in verse, for example : —

"Brave the Captain was" = "The Captain was brave."

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICE

Notice the necessity for a different manner of inflecting each of the four following examples. To read the first too didactically would seem unsympathetic. To read the second other than with precision and directness would distract the hearer's attention.

The selection from *The Deserted Village* with its playful familiarity, must have the greatest freedom of melody and inflection; while Tennyson's exquisite little lullaby requires a soothing, tender modulation quite unlike anything heard in the others.

EDUCATION

No country, epoch, or race has a monopoly upon knowledge. Some have easier, but not necessarily better opportunities for self-development. What a few can obtain free most have to pay for, perhaps by hard, physical labor, mental struggle, and self-denial. But in this great country all can have the opportunity for bettering themselves, provided they exercise intelligence and perseverance and their motives and conduct are worthy. Nowhere are such facilities for universal education found as in the

United States. They are accessible to every boy and girl, white or black.

Intelligence and industry are the best possessions which any man can have, and every man can have them. Nobody can give them to him or take them from him. He cannot acquire them by inheritance; he cannot buy them, or beg them, or borrow them. They belong to the individual, and are his unquestioned property. He alone can part with them. They are a good thing to have and to keep. They make happy homes; they achieve success in every walk of life; they have won the greatest triumphs of mankind. No man who has them ever gets into the Police Court or before the Grand Jury, or in the workhouse, or the chain gang. They give one moral and material power. They will bring you a comfortable living, make you respect yourselves and command the respect of your fellows. They are indispensable to success. They are invincible. The merchant requires the clerk whom he employs to have them. The railroad corporation inquires whether the man seeking employment possesses them. Every avenue of human endeavor welcomes them. They are the only keys to open, with certainty, the door of opportunity to struggling manhood. Employment waits on them; capital requires them; citizenship is not good without them. If you don't already have them, get them.

— William McKinley.

THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE

A perfect thought will always clothe itself in appropriate language; and when people suppose that they are in want of words to express themselves, they are really in want of thought — they have only got hold of a part of a thought instead of the complete thought, and are in difficulty about the clothing of an unformed thing. De Retz says that strong emotions find their utterances in monosyllables, and the language of the poor, in grief, is often of an earnestness and simplicity rising to eloquence. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew —
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

— GOLDSMITH.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

— TENNYSON.

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly — any dear friend of Cæsar's, — to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying — a place in the commonwealth — as which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. — SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar.*

CHARLES THE FIRST

[Study in subordination both melodic and inflective, and in circumflexes.]

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James the Second no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues?

And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defense is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

— Macaulay.

A PSALM OF LIFE

[Persuasive inflections.]

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal:
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act! — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.

— Longfellow.

CHAPTER VI

THE EYE AND FACE IN READING

NOTHING is more important in speaking than to look your auditors straight in the eye. He who can do this has won half the battle of confidence already. Awkwardness and harsh tones are forgiven if we feel that the speaker is in earnest, and nothing so assists in impressing others with our sincerity as a glance that never wavers. In reading, strive to look at the audience as frequently as possible, especially in the emphatic passages.

The eye should not be fixed on any particular individual for any length of time, but on the other hand, it should not wander aimlessly or vacantly. The best plan is to speak one phrase to one person, the next phrase to another, and so on. Speak for the most part to those farthest away from you. This helps to give the voice what is called "carrying power," because we instinctively suit the range of the voice to those whom we address. In earnest address like the following examples, which, by the way, require very careful phrasing and emphasis, watch your audience constantly at each pause to see if they understand your meaning, and do not go on to the succeeding phrase until you are certain that what you have said is thoroughly comprehended. But be sure, first of all, that you yourself understand them.

GREAT ART

Remember always, you have two characters in which all greatness of art consists: First, the earnest and intense seizing of natural facts; then the ordering those facts by strength of human intellect, so as to make them, for all who look upon them, to the utmost serviceable, memorable, and beautiful. And thus great art is nothing else than the type of strong and noble life; for, as the ignoble person, in his dealings with all that occurs in the world about him, first sees nothing clearly, — looks nothing fairly in the face, and then allows himself to be swept away by the trampling torrent, and unescapable force, of the things that he would not foresee, and could not understand: so the noble person, looking the facts of the world full in the face, and fathoming them with deep faculty, then deals with them in unalarmed intelligence and unhurried strength, and becomes, with his human intellect and will, no unconscious nor insignificant agent, in consummating their good, and restraining their evil.

— Ruskin.

ASPECTA MEDUSA

Andromeda, by Perseus saved and wed,
Hankered each day to see the Gorgon's head:
Till o'er a fount he held it, bade her lean,
And mirrored in the wave was safely seen
That death she lived by.

Let not thine eyes know
Any forbidden thing itself, although
It once should save as well as kill: but be
Its shadow upon life enough for thee.

— D. G. Rossetti.

FACIAL EXPRESSION

A mobile and expressive face is also highly important. Genuine facial expression can be attained only by associating feeling with what we do. Nevertheless practice is essential here, as in everything else, if only to acquire freedom of expression. In expressing pleasant moods, strive to look pleasant, and in harsher feelings, do not be afraid to frown. There is a sort of dry humor which is best expressed with a perfectly serious face, because the fun lies in the contradiction between the words and the manner, but in general a wooden immobility of countenance is anything but attractive to the audience.

The secret of facial expression is in the eye. If it is illumined with pleasure, darkened in harsh moods, closed in slyness, or opened in astonishment and fear, the rest of the face will sympathize. If the eye is inexpressive, all attempts at facial expression will result in mere distortion.

Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time, — he will do it better, — he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

— CARLYLE.

What ho, my jovial mates! come on! we'll frolic it
Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine!

— SCOTT.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian!
If I can catch him once upon the hip
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him!

— SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*.

The one with yawning made reply:
"What have we seen? — Not much have I!
Trees, meadows, mountains, groves and streams,
Blue sky and clouds and sunny gleams."
The other, smiling, said the same;
But with face transfigured and eye of flame:
"Trees, meadows, mountains, groves, and streams!
Blue sky and clouds and sunny gleams!"

— BROOKS.

But the eye does not always seek the audience. Often as in apostrophe, we are supposed to be addressing some one or something not actually present but seen, as Hamlet said of his dead father, in the "mind's eye."

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently!
Around thee, and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge. But when I look again
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.

— COLERIDGE.

In describing objects or events which are supposed to be going on about us, we naturally glance at them and then back to our audience, just as if the things spoken of were actually present. For instance in the above selection, we cannot be supposed to know that the Arvé and Arveiron rave at the base of the mountain unless we look at them, nor that the air is deep and black unless we see it. Be careful, however, in reading such passages to *look before you speak*, and not to talk *to* the things you are supposed to be talking *about*, in other words, look back to your audience when you address them.

In what is called dramatic narration, there are often passages in which the reader impersonates, that is, speaks as if he were one of the characters he has described. In such cases one does not address his audience directly, but for the time being, becomes an actor, speaks a little to one side or the other, turning the body if necessary. In such reading one should not only look but endeavor to *feel* like the character he portrays. Be careful, in these examples, not to mix narration and impersonation: —

(*To audience*) — Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
(*To Lady Clare*) — "O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"
— TENNYSON.

(*To audience*) — Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said:
(*To the right*) — "Open; 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"
(*To audience*) — The frightened sexton, muttering with a curse,
(*To left*) — "This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
(*To audience*) — Turned the great key and flung the portal wide.
— LONGFELLOW.

When the characters speak alternately it is well to make one look to the right, and the other to the left, as if opposite to each other.

Polonius. (*To Hamlet*) my Lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Hamlet. Do you see that cloud, that's almost in shape like a camel? (*Looking from Polonius to the cloud and then back again.*)

Pol. (*Looking fixedly at the cloud.*) By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

Ham. (*As before.*) Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. (*Pretending to examine the cloud critically.*) It is backed like a weasel. (*Looking from Hamlet to the cloud.*)

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by (*aside*, that is, *turning away from Polonius and speaking as if to the audience, or to an imaginary person at the other side*). They fool me to the top of my bent. (*To Pol.*) I will come by and by.

ILLUSTRATIVE SELECTIONS

INVOCATION FROM PARADISE LOST

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos: or, if Sion hill

Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dovelike, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

— MILTON.

LADY CLARE

TENNYSON

[Notice the varied feelings, — love, cunning, surprise, secrecy, reproach, indignation, sly remonstrance, noble pride, suffering, bewilderment, humility, and pleasure, — and try to express them in face as well as voice.]

It was the time when lilies blow,
  And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
  To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
  Lovers long betrothed were they:
They two shall wed the morrow morn;
  God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast:
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie:
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know,
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother!" she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown —
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
  "O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
  That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
  I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
  "And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
  "For I am yours in word and deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
  "Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
  Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
  And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed the laugh of merry scorn:
  He turned and kissed her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
  And I," said he, "the next in blood —

"If you are not the heiress born,
  And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two shall wed to-morrow morn,
  And you shall still be Lady Clare."

HOHENLINDEN

[Look back and forth from the pictures to your audience.]

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;

And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainéd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher. — Thomas Campbell.

POOR LITTLE JOE

[A very interesting study in pause and facial expression. Imagine that the sick boy is before you. Watch his face and take time to hear his replies just as if he were really present. The questions in italics are supposed to have been spoken by Joe, but are repeated aloud by you, as is often the case. This calls for careful inflection.]

Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey,
  Fur I've brought you sumpin' great.
Apples? No, a heap sight better!
  Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
Flowers, Joe — I know'd you like 'em —
  Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
  There — poor little Joe! — don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
  Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes —
  Each one climbing from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it —
  Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!
Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
  It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
  Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
  And I puts on lots o' cheek.
"Missus," says I, "if you please, mum,
  Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus —
  Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you —
  How I bringed you up, poor Joe!
(Lackin' women folks to do it.)
  Sich a' imp you was, you know —
Till yer got that awful tumble,
  Jist as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too) to earn yer livin'
  Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
  So's you couldn't hyper much —
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
  Fur the first time with yer crutch.
"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
  'Pears to weaken every day";
Joe, she up and went to cuttin' —
  That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
  You is quite yerself to-night;
Kind o' chirk — it's been a fortnit
  Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!
  Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
  Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the country, did you?
  Flowers growin' everywhere!
Some time when you're better, Joey,
  Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven? 'M — I s'pose so;
  Dunno much about it, though;
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
  On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres
  That in heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful —
  B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
Likewise, there folks don't git hungry;
  So good people, when they dies,
Finds themselves well fixed forever —
  Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
  Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
Heaven was made fur sich as you is —
  Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
Here — wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
  Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!
Here's yer flowers — you dropped 'em, Joey!
  Oh, my God, can Joe be *dead?*

— Peleg Arkwright.

CHAPTER VII

BREATHING

EVERY time we think a new thought, we breathe. The more profound or earnest the thought, the deeper and fuller the breath.

Whenever we wish to express our thoughts with more than ordinary energy, we prepare for the expression by taking a full breath, just as we do when gathering up our energies for any form of physical exertion. For example: try to move some heavy object and notice how you brace at the waist for the effort. Then shout loudly, "Hello there!" and notice how very similar the action at the waist is.

Untrained speakers waste breath by contracting the chest, that is, thrusting, or sometimes almost coughing, out the breath when speaking loudly. This is incorrect. If you will now take a full breath and at the moment of shouting *expand* the chest, you will find that the tone is clearer and more musical, while there is no sense of fatigue following the effort unless it is too often repeated. Forcible expulsion of breath while speaking produces huskiness.

EXERCISE I

With the throat open, and jaw hanging loosely:

(1) Take a full breath, as if inhaling the perfume of a flower.

(2) Call rather forcibly, Ha! sustaining the breath during the call.

(3) The moment the sound ceases, let the chest relax naturally.

Repeat ten times, taking plenty of time for each repetition. Use also, HO! HĔ! (*ĕ* in p*ĕ*t) HEY? HELLO! HURRAH! CHARGE! FIRE!

Practice with exactly the same action, but softly, as if echoing the former sounds.

EXERCISE II

In the same manner count "one! two! three!" etc., up to ten or twenty, taking a new breath for each number, letting the breath go after each number, and relaxing the jaw completely each time. The more promptly and accurately the various consonants are spoken, the greater the benefit you will derive from this exercise.

Practice with various intonations; that is, calling, questioning, commanding, with surprise, joy, anger, etc. Try to "place" the vowels in the roof of the mouth; that is, avoid all contraction at the throat, and imagine that the hard palate does all the work of voice production.

EXERCISE III

Inhaling as before, sustain in succession the vowels *ä-ā-ē-ō-ōō-a̤* (as in *all*), holding each as long as possible.

Count up to twenty, thirty, or more, on a single breath.

EXPRESSIVE BREATHING

The manner in which we inhale or exhale varies with the emotion. Harsh, antagonistic feelings are accompanied with hard, tense action of all the muscles, while tender, loving feelings expand the lungs gently. Fear contracts the body, as do all mean feelings. Grief and weakness relax the muscles so that we cannot sustain the breath, as we do under normal conditions.[1]

We may sum up by saying that noble emotions expand the chest; ignoble, contract it: energy uplifts, weakness depresses. Lack of control or unrestrained excitement is often shown by more or less of the *aspirate* or *breathy* quality in the voice.

In the following brief examples you will find that attention to the above principles will aid you in giving the true expression to what you read; for with the trained reader or speaker the effect of attitude and bodily action upon his feelings is almost as powerful as that of his feelings upon his body.

In these, as well as in the selections which follow, give especial attention to the breath, thinking the thought and feeling the emotion required, as you inhale, so that you actually *breathe* in *the thought or feeling you are about to express.*

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE IN DEEP, FULL BREATHING

"Halt!" The dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!" Out blazed the rifle blast.

QUITE POSSIBLE

The commandant stands shouting "dress!"
  The bugler winds his noisy din;
Our sergeant, opening wide his mouth,
  Shouts, "Company — fall in!"

— From *Cap and Gown.*

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[1] Under great excitement we take in more than our habitual supply of breath, and it escapes more readily.

Sir, an attempt has been made to alarm the committee by the dangers to our commerce in the Mediterranean; and a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities and to eradicate our humanity. Ah! sir, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" — or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade, and lose its liberties? — HENRY CLAY.

Shall an American citizen be scourged? Forbid it, Heaven! Humanity forbid it! For myself, I would rather see the navy abolished, and the Stars and Stripes buried, with their glory, in the depths of the ocean, than that those who won for it all its renown should be subjected to a punishment so brutal, to an ignominy so undeserved. — COMMODORE STOCKTON.

UNION AND LIBERTY

[Study for breath control and full tone.]

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
  Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
  Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
    Up with our banner bright,
    Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
    While through the sounding sky
    Loud rings the Nation's cry —
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
  Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
  Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms to thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us the many in one!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry —
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

—Holmes.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered!
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered!
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back; but not —
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them —
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade —
  Noble six hundred!

— Tennyson.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb, —
Her fair auburn tresses, —
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled —
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!
Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Savior!

— THOMAS HOOD (abridged).

KEENAN'S CHARGE

[Chancellorsville, May, 1863.]

The sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
  Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
  Tore through, with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"
Rose from our flank a voice.
  With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate;
  And our line reeled and broke, —

There's one hope still:
Those batteries parked on the hill!
  "Battery, wheel!" (mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire,
  A bugle rings "Trot" — and no more.

The horse plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
  To join the hopeless rout.

But suddenly rode a form,
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout: —

"Align those guns!"
(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will, at his word,
And the black guns moved as if they had heard.
But ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime:
O God, for ten minutes time!"
The general looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone,
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?" —
"Are soldiers, general." — "Then
Charge, major! Do your best:
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed; else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest!"

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant, — clear, and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said, "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath, —
Rose like a greeting hail to death.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlight reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame:
Rode in and sabered and shot — and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle stroke of his saber, swung
Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.

* * * * * *

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls? 'Tis a death salute
From the cannon in place. For, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

— G. P. Lathrop (abridged).

AUNTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT

[To be read with a weak, depressed chest and minor whine characteristic of one who looks on the dark side of everything.]

How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, "It's such a comfort to see you, Aunty Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and are *so* lively." Besides, I said to myself, as I came up the stairs, "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better; but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash. But you must be careful, and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go on just as if you were downstairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the mill pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the veranda roof in a clothes basket.

Gracious goodness! what's the matter? I guess Providence'll take care of 'em. Don't look so. *You thought Bridget was watching them?* Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she'll let him take the impression of the door key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for fifty dollars. Now, don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple, at that age. It might be *all*, and you'd never know it.

Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them though: *that* ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it. And more don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along.

How is Mr. Kobble? *Well, but finds it warm in town, eh?* Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there with sunstroke. You must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on these railroad trains is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth every day as he is, it's just trifling with danger.

Dear ! dear ! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time ! Dear ! dear !

Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-by. How pale you look, Cornelia. I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and try some one else. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little. —MARY KYLE DALLAS.

CHAPTER VIII

VOCAL POWER

The degree of energy with which we speak is termed Force. Force is often confounded with mere loudness, but the truth is, that great intensity of feeling is seldom shown by noise. True force is a sense of strong action of every muscle, shown especially by an expansion of the chest, and deep breathing. It often happens that greater volume accompanies this energetic action, but sometimes, in great concentration, the effect is quite the opposite. In gentle feelings the voice of course is not loud, but neither should it be muffled or thin. For ordinary reading a clear, full, but not vociferous delivery is sufficient.

In practicing for volume or force, care should be taken to avoid straining the voice either by too loud or too long-continued vociferation.

The following exercises will be found beneficial not only for the direct purpose of gaining vocal power, but also, if practiced according to directions, for improving the quality of the voice.

VOCAL EXERCISE I

[For volume and resonance.]

The mouth should be well opened at the back, the lips rounded more than usual, and the breath sustained firmly at the waist for all loud tones. Try, too, to have the greatest possible amount of "head resonance," that is, sense of vibration in the nasal passages as well as in the mouth, and to have *no effort in the throat.* Practice on various pitches.

For bright quality, use *ă*, *ā*, *ĕ*; for depth, *a̤*, *ŭ*; for "round" tone, *ō–ōō*: the normal voice should combine all these requisites.

Practice loudly: Ha! Hey! Hello! Who are you? Fire! Charge! Ring! Say! Sah! So!

— And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his Hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms! — What, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!

EXERCISE II

FOR PROJECTION OF VOICE

Count in a whisper, as clearly and loudly as possible and without waste of breath, "one! two! three!" etc., up to twenty. This is also excellent for articulation. Try to have all the action in the front of the mouth, and to send the whisper to the farthest part of the room. Reserve the breath as much as possible.

EXERCISE III

[For crescendo and diminuendo.]

Take a full breath and sustain *ä*, *ā*, *ē*, *ō*, *ōō*, or *a̤* (*a* in *all*), gradually diminishing the tone, but keeping it clear and bright to the end. Begin softly, and gradually increase the volume. Use rising and falling inflections.

EXERCISE IV

[For attack.]

Use *ă*, *ĕ*, *ĭ*, *ŏ*, *ŭ*, for sharp, accurate, but gentle, attack. Try to feel that these vowels strike against the hard palate with the precision of a hammer, and with no waste of breath. Precede the vowels with *l* (lă, lĕ, etc.), *t*, *d*, and later with *k*.

EXERCISE V

[For head resonance.]

M, *n*, *ng*, at first softly, on a high pitch, gradually increasing the volume. Practice on a descending scale or slide, taking especial care that the lowest notes are felt to vibrate in the nasal cavities. Later, use *km*, *kn*, *hm*, *hn*, *kng*, *hng*, and combine with the vowels; *e.g.*, *knoo*, *o*, *a̤*, *ä*, on various pitches.[1]

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[1] To the Teacher. — Beauty of voice is, to a great extent, a matter of resonance. No written directions for voice culture can take the place of personal instruction, but one principle may be stated which may help to clear up some difficulties in ordinary training. It is that the physical conditions for clear, pure tone are essentially those for full, resonant shouting; that is, the organs must be in readiness for loud tone. But the *practice* should be with moderate, or even gentle, force. Be careful to avoid the opposite extremes of too rigid and flabby muscles. Practice on soft tones is often ineffective because of too great relaxation, while loud tones are too often produced with undue muscular grip, especially in the throat. On the other hand, loud shouting with flabby palate and pharynx is a most efficient means of vocal degeneration.

No better exercises for rudimentary voice training can be given than the above, beginning with a full, energetic tone and gradually learning to produce a soft, bright tone with the same energetic coördination of the whole vocal apparatus.

The practice of very soft, almost inaudible, but clear, humming is also to be recommended for "placing" the voice.

The following poem illustrates many degrees of force and volume, from the whispered "Silence!" to the alarum call. Notice that the call in the last line should be delivered quite loudly, but with relaxation of the body instead of the normal tension. The poem is also an excellent study in pause, inflection, pitch, and melody, as well as in the expression of the eye and face. In fact, it sums up very effectively all that we have gone over in our studies.

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS

Alone, through gloomy forest shades, a soldier went by night;
No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades, no star shed guiding light;
Yet, on his vigil's midnight round, the youth all cheerly passed,
Unchecked by aught of boding sound that muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour? In his far home; perchance
His father's hall, his mother's bower, 'midst the gay vines of France.
Hush! hark! did stealing steps go by? Came not faint whispers near?
No! The wild wind hath many a sigh, amid the foliage sere.

Hark! yet again!—and from his hand what grasp hath wrenched the blade?
O, single 'midst a hostile band, young soldier, thou'rt betrayed!

"Silence!" in undertones they cry; "no whisper—not a
breath!
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh shall sentence
thee to death."

Still at the bayonet's point he stood, and strong to meet
the blow;
And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood, "Arm! arm!
Auvergne! the foe!"
The stir, the tramp, the bugle call, he heard their tumults
grow;
And sent his dying voice through all,—"Auvergne!
Auvergne! the foe!"

—FELICIA HEMANS.

STRESS

Forcible emphasis is often given to words by added strength of utterance on the accented syllable. This extra pressure of sound upon a syllable is called Stress. Stress may be defined as force applied to a definite part of a syllable.

The commonest forms of stress are Radical or Initial (>), Median (<>), and Final or Vanishing Stress (<).

Initial Stress, which most commonly occurs, is an abrupt pressure at the beginning of an accented syllable. It is heard in all intense or commanding expressions, and varies in intensity, with the strength of the feeling, from a slightly accentuated beat to the powerfully explosive utterance in anger, defiance, and the like. Readers are apt to overdo stress. Remember that real power is shown by self-restraint.

Median stress is a name given to a gentle swell of the voice. It is associated with all gentle, loving, persuasive feelings, and is rather felt as the absence of the abrupt radical impulse, than noticed as a decided swell. It is associated with those delicate, caressing inflections which we have described as characteristic of tender feeling.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo. —BURNS.

Final or terminal stress is a flare or explosion of the voice at the end of the vowel instead of its beginning. It is seldom heard except in expressions of brutal or uncontrolled feelings, and is usually to be avoided rather than cultivated.

"So, you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like me?—What good can passion do?—passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There, you sneer again!—don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper — you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care — the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! — but mark! — I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why — confound you, I may in time forgive you. — If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I — I'll never call you Jack again!"

— SHERIDAN, *The Rivals.*

A general principle governing stress and all forms of force may be stated as follows: —

We expel or thrust away words expressive of unpleasant or repulsive things, *e.g.* "bah!" "pooh!" "disgusting!" We caress, dwell gently on, or, seemingly, draw in, words expressive of pleasant things, "beautiful!" "delicious!" "sweet and low!" Where our feelings are neutral or when our emotions are under control, we simply speak with precision of accent. In Richelieu's proud reply to his king we need only so much of radical stress as shall show that he feels himself the true master: —

"My liege, your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers; but my name, my deeds,
Are royal in a land beyond your scepter."

— BULWER-LYTTON.

Without this prompt stroke or attack of each important word, we should find it very hard to avoid a pompous swell of the voice, which would be most uncharacteristic of true dignity, but which is amusingly exemplified in the mock-heroic strains of the following: —

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

[By a Miserable Wretch.]

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue;
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on! [*It rolls on.*]

— W. S. GILBERT.

RICHELIEU'S VINDICATION

My liege, your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers; but my name, my deeds,
Are royal in a land beyond your scepter.
Pass sentence on me, if you will; — from kings

Lo, I appeal to Time! Be just, my liege.
I found your kingdom rent with heresies,
And bristling with rebellion; — lawless nobles
And breadless serfs; England fomenting discord;
Austria, her clutch on your dominion; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armed thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead;
Trade rotted in your marts; your armies mutinous,
Your treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
Your trust, so be it! and I leave you, sole,
Supremest Monarch of the mightiest realm,
From Ganges to the icebergs. Look without, —
No foe not humbled! Look within, — the Arts
Quit, for our schools, their old Hesperides,
The golden Italy! while throughout the veins
Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
Trade, the calm health of Nations! Sire, I know
That men have called me cruel; —
I am not; I am *just!* I found France rent asunder,
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have re-created France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization, on her luminous wings,
Soars, phœnixlike, to Jove! What was my art?
Genius, some say; some, Fortune; Witchcraft some.
Not so; my art was Justice.

— Arranged from BULWER-LYTTON.

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS

[This is an admirable study in stress. Notice the gentle, princely manner of Hamlet's admonitions, alternating with his contempt for the ranting style of "many of our players."]

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you — trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters — to very rags — to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er doing termagant: it out-Herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance — that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature — to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well — they imitated humanity so abominably. — SHAKESPEARE.

PORTIA'S PLEA FOR MERCY

[Persuasion and enthusiasm ; median stress.]

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:
It is an attribute of God himself:
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

— SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice.*

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE

[Avoid bluster even in the strongest passages.]

Conscript Fathers:
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that Plebeian talk, 'tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right, — let him show proofs, —
For Roman right, though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves!
His charge is false; — I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

But this I will avow, that I have scorned
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong.
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me, — turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what?

To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, moldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.
Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;
(*To the Senate.*)
Fling down your scepters; take the rod and ax,
And make the murder as you make the law.

Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?

"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished! I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my Lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul's merciful; — for this, all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

"Traitor!" I go; but, I return! This — trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow; this hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my Lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus; all shames and crimes;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but when I come, 'twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake, — rolling back

In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves!
I will return.

—Arranged from George Croly, *Catiline.*

CALLING A BOY IN THE MORNING

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of pastimes, especially if the boy has taken a great deal of active exercise the day before. And, it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys; and yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair door and insinuatingly calls, "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John," followed a moment later by a long and emphatic "John Henry."

A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to add: "You'd better be down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there, an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. This operation has to be repeated several times.

A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature. He pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness. —J. M. Bailey.

THE POWER OF HABIT

I remember once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," he said, "is Niagara River."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright and fair and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I did find it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "*Young men, ahoy!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you.*"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed, there is no danger."

"YOUNG MEN, AHOY THERE!"

"What is it?"

"THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU."

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"YOUNG MEN, AHOY!"

"What is it?"

"BEWARE! BEWARE! THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU!"

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! *Quick!* QUICK! QUICK! *pull hard for your lives!* pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins start like whipcords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! ah! ah! it is too late! "*Shrieking*, HOWLING, BLASPHEMING, *over they go*."

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year through *the power of habit*, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!"

— JOHN B. GOUGH.

CHAPTER IX

ENUNCIATION

However expressive or charming the vocal delivery, it will fail to interest the audience unless they can both hear and understand what is said.

Mere loudness may result only in confusion of sound, especially if there is an echo in the room. Distinctness is attained more by purity of tone and precision of utterance than by volume.

The vowel sounds of the English language are as follows, the order being from that made with the highest position of the tongue (*ē*) to that with the lowest position of the tongue (*ä*) and the roundest shape of the lips (*ōō*): —

ē — in *mē*, *sēē*, *ēēl.*

ĭ — in *ĭll*, *ĭt*, *ĭn*, *pĭty.*

ā — in *pāy*, *sāy* (notice the "vanish" *e* sound, which is always heard except when *a* precedes *e*, as in *aerial*).

â — in *câre*, *fâir*, *whêrefore.*

ĕ — in *pĕt*, *lĕt*, *sĕt*, *ĕnd.*

ă — "short" or "flăt" in *ăt*, *hăt*, *căt;* slightly broader in *măn*, *căn.*

ạ — "obscure" as in *unaccented syllables*, or the article *a* when unemphatic. Say neither *ŭ man*, *ŭ horse*, nor *ā man*, *ā horse*, unless you wish to emphasize the article.

ȧ — intermediate between ă and ä (a little like short ŏ) *ȧsk*, *tȧsk*, *fȧst*, *dȧnce;* not *făst* nor *fäst.* Generally heard in monosyllables ending with a double consonant sound (*ft*, *st*, *nce*).

ä — *fäther*, *äh*, *pärt*, *guärd*, *häunt*, *däunt* (not *dạunt*).

ẽ-ĩ — before *r*, *her*, *mother* (not "*motheh*"), *sir*, not "*suh*," *work*, *verge*, *therefore*.

û — before *r*, *urn*, *curse*, a fuller sound than the preceding.

ŭ — *ŭp*, *cŭp*, *ŭntil*, not *ŏntil*.

ŏ — *nŏt*, slightly broader in *cŏffin*, *gŏd*, *what*, not *whŭt*.

a̤ — *a̤ll*, *a̤we*, *ga̤udy*, *a̤lways*, not *ŏlways*.

ô — *or*, *nor*, *o'er*, a slightly rounded form of a̤, pronounced by some good speakers as nearly as possible like long ō, e.g. *more*, as if spelled *mower;* by others, like a̤.

ō — *low*, *so;* notice the vanish *o͞o* — *lo͞o*, especially when in an unaccented syllable.

o͝o — *foot*, *pull*.

o͞o — *food* (not *fo͝od*), *you*.

COMBINATIONS

ī — *ä-ē* blent, as in *my*, *fine*.

u — *ēo͞o*, *few*, *mule*, *mute*, but the *e* is less prominent after *s*, *l* — *superior*, *flute*, *lunatic*, and disappears after *r*, *rule*.

ow — *äo͞o* in *how*, *row*, *our*, not *är*.

oi — *a̤ē* as in *oil*, *toy*, *boy*.

OBSCURE VOWELS

In unaccented syllables the vowels are said to be *obscure*, that is, indefinite. On the platform we give more care to the pronunciation of obscure vowels than we need to use in colloquial speech, because distinctness is all-important with the speaker; but even then we must not overdo. People who say *ăctŏr* instead of *ăctor* (obscure *ŏ*), *thē man* for *thẹ man* (*thĭ*), mispronounce as badly as those who say *actŭr* or *thŭ*. Pronouns, prepositions, connectives, and unimportant monosyllables are always obscure except when they are emphasized.

In practicing the vowels, learn to sustain each sound accurately for a considerable time, until you are able to hold the lips and tongue steadily and without throatiness or nasality. In sustaining the compound vowels (except *ū*), hold the first sound until just as you are about to finish, when you give the two together, thus: ī–ä–ai. With *ū*, however, the preliminary glide is of less importance than the *o͞o* sound. The student who is sufficiently advanced to use this book does not need to be told that in English the above sounds are spelled in every imaginable way.

The consonants or articulations are formed [1] by the quick approximation and instantaneous recoil of the *lips* (*p*, *b*), the tongue and teeth (*t*, *d*), or the back of the tongue and soft palate (*k*, *g*); [2] by the friction of breath passing over the under lip (*f*, *v*), the tongue and teeth (*s*, *z*, *zh*, *sh*, *th*), or striking the hard palate (*h*); [3] in a manner much like vowel formation, except that there is more consciousness of the articulating organs, *l*, *y* (practically *ē* and ī), *w*. Those consonants in which the sense of resonance is chiefly oral, — that is, in the mouth, — are sometimes called *semi-vowels*. The *nasals* (*m*, *n*, *ng*) resound in the nose. The following letters stand for combinations: *ch* "soft," as in *chin* = *tsh*; *j*, or soft *g* = *dzh*; *q* in *quart* = *kw*; *x* = *ks*. Even in obscure syllables be sure that the consonants are distinct.

In general, we need only say that the chief faults in enunciating the consonants are a too sluggish action of the parts, and a forced or explosive manner. The function of the consonant is to give precision to the enunciation. The instant a consonant is pronounced, its work is done. An eminent author (Austin, *Chironomia*) has told us that each word should come from the mouth like a coin fresh from the mint. The vowels may be likened to the stream of molten metal, the consonants to the die that stamps each coin and gives it individuality. In colloquial speech too great precision is out of place, but in public speaking you cannot enunciate too distinctly. This is especially true of the final consonants, which are usually either swallowed or dropped entirely by untrained speakers.

In practicing to avoid this fault, it is sometimes well to do as follows:

EXERCISE I

[For free egress of sound.]

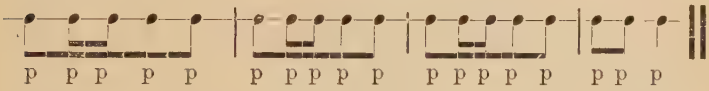
Count up to twenty thus: ONE-*uh*, TWO-*uh*, THREE-*uh*, etc., with a quick dropping of the lower jaw on the *uh* sound. Then count ONE! TWO! etc., dropping the jaw in the same way, to let the final sound have free egress, but without the *uh*.

Do this with all passages which offer special difficulties in articulation, and especially where the same, or similar, consonants are heard in succession, or where there is danger of mistaking the sound, *e.g.* "the first time," not "firs time," "his beard descending," not "beer descending." But see that final sounds are not unduly prominent, especially *s*, *z*, and *r*.

EXERCISE II

[For control of the agents.]

Use *P*, *B*, *T*, *D*, *K*, *G*, as follows, imitating the beat of a drum: —



pa pa pa pa pa, etc.
up up up up up, etc.
pup pup pup pup pup, etc.

Use at first in connection with ă, ŭ, ĕ, ĭ, or other short vowel, *e.g.* *pa*, *ap*, *at*, *tat*, *up*, *pup*, *cup*. Gradually eliminate the vowel sound, but try to keep the consonant as resonant as possible. Avoid all gripping, forcing, and facial distortions in both vowels and consonants.

Always practice as if trying to make some one at a distance understand what you are saying.

The teacher may use other musical figures.

EXPRESSIVE ENUNCIATION

To give full expression to words requires more than mere accuracy; one must put life into his words. To the majority of speakers, and especially readers, words are dead things, but to the orator, or the poet, every word has individuality. Such words as *vast*, *tiny*, *grand*, *noble*, *mean*, *sweet*, *sour*, *bitter*, *harsh*, *hard*, *soft*, *solemnly*, *gently*, *requiem*, *hate*, *love*, *justice*, *mercy*, may be read so as to convey not merely the sound of the word, but something of its meaning as well. In the following examples, which are excellent studies in articulation, try also to put meaning into the words by pitch, volume, stress, and above all, by varying *tone color*, that is, sound which suggests the emotion which the word conveys. Love, for instance, should have a different tone color from hate; joy, from sorrow.

THE LAW OF SUCCESS

Self-denial and discipline are the foundation of all good character, the source of all true enjoyment, the means of all just distinction. This is the invariable law of our nature. Excellence of every sort is a prize, and a reward for virtuous, patient, and well-directed exertion, and abstinence from whatever may encumber, enfeeble, or delay us in our course.

The approach to its lofty abode is rightly represented as steep and rugged. He who would reach it, must task his powers. But it is a noble task, for, besides the eminence it leads to, it nourishes a just ambition, subdues and casts off vicious propensities, and strengthens the powers employed in its service, so as to render them continually capable of higher and higher attainments.

— John Sargeant.

  Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
The careless lips that speak of sŏap for sōap;
Her edict exiles from her fair abode
The clownish voice that utters rŏad for rōad:
Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cŏat,
And steers his bōat, believing it a bŏat.
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,
Who said at Cambridge, mŏst instead of mōst,
But knit her brows and stamped her angry foot
To hear a Teacher call a rōot a rŏot.

Once more; speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over hard to roll the British R;
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't, — let me beg you, — don't say "How?" for "What?"
And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

— HOLMES, *Urania, A Rhymed Lesson.*

The hours pass slowly by, — nine, ten, eleven, — how solemnly the last stroke of the clock floats out upon the still air. It dies gently away, swells out again in the distance, and seems to be caught up by spirit-voices of departed years, until the air is filled with melancholy strains. It is the requiem of the dying year. — BROOKS.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn,
And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.
They took their places; some by chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

— WHITTIER, *Mabel Martin.*

There once was a writer named Wright,
Who instructed his son to write right.
He said: "Boy, write Wright right;
It is not right to write
Wright awry; try to write Wright aright!"

— CAROLYN WELLS.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

"How does the water come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me thus, once on a time;

And, moreover, he tasked me to tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word, there first came one daughter,
And then came another, to second and third
The request of their brother, and to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,
As many a time they had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store:
And 'twas in my vocation for their recreation
That so I should sing; because I was laureate to them
    and the king.

From its sources which well in the tarn on the Fell;
From its fountains in the mountains,
Its rills and its gills, through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps for a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake. And thence at departing,
Awaking and starting, it runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds, through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade, and through the wood shelter,
Among crags in its flurry, helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry. Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling; now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in, till in this rapid race
On which it is bent, it reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong then plunges along,
Striking and raging as if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among: rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping, swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing, flying and flinging,
Writhing and wringing, eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking, turning and twisting,

Around and around with endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting, a sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding, dizzying, and deafening
The ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting, receding, and speeding,
And shocking and rocking, and darting and parting,
And threading and spreading, and whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping, and hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining, and rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking, and pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving, and tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going, and running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming, and dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping, and working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling, and heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and flittering, and gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening, and quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying, and thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and pumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

— ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SHE WAVED

[For rapid enunciation.]

It was ten minutes before train time.

"You can't pass through here without a ticket, madam," said the ticket taker.

"But I want to wave."

"Can't help it," said the ticket taker. "Step aside and let the others pass."

The diminutive woman addressed gathered herself together and clutched her companion by the arm as she replied: "I've come here to wave, and I'm going to wave. This is my sister, Arimita, who has been a-visitin' me for three weeks; and she'd been here longer if she hadn't lost flesh so fast, and I was afraid that if she staid any longer she'd get to be a livin' skeleton; and then she was away from home, and didn't know what might happen to the children while she was gone; so in spite of everything they could do to keep her she just packed up her duds this mornin' and said she must go back home. Don't interrupt me, for I don't know when I will see Arimita again, it's so seldom that she can get away from home to visit me; and I can't get away from the city, although I'd like to ever so much, for I've only been here three months, and it's drefful hard gittin' around on the pavements, and I am jest mortally tired to death all the time, what with the noise and excitement and the goings on of my relatives here; but they will have me stay, and Arimita would come too if it wasn't for the children; but they are going to school, you know, and take so much care, Jake especially, though he is a good boy when he isn't in mischief; and I know Arimita will be glad to get back again, though I must say I want her to stay powerful bad, and —"

"Pass through!" roared the ticket taker. And as he saw the superintendent of the road in the far corner of the room glancing at him furtively out of the corner of his eye, he added, reflectively, to himself, "What's the use of trying to keep a job like this, anyway?"

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

Behold the mansion reared by dædal Jack!

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proude cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides —

Grimalkin grim that slew the fierce rodent,
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo ! now the deep-mouthed canine foes assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts to that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast, that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibers that involve the grain
Which lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn,
The hurrying hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of Puss, that, with verminicidal claw,
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw,
Lay reeking malt, that erst in Juan's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb, that seems, in sooth,
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full of young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden, whose lact-albic hands
Drew albu-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn,
Distort to realms ethereal, was borne

The beast Catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordacious rat that dared devour
Ante-cedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous shanghai comes at last,
Whose shouts arouse the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
Th' emulgator of that horned brute morose
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that kilt
The rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack
built.

SEAWEED

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Stormwind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore ;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas ; —

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main ;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, erelong
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth ;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth ;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
  That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
  Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate; —

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
  On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
  They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

— Longfellow.

CHAPTER X

ORATORICAL DELIVERY

An oration is a composition expressly intended for delivery before an audience, presumably of considerable numbers, and in a place large enough to accommodate such an audience. Many of the greatest masterpieces of eloquence, like Lincoln's "Gettysburg Speech" or Webster's "Bunker Hill Oration," were delivered in the open air to vast multitudes of people. Under such circumstances, it is evident that the speaker's delivery must be very different from that which he would use in conversation, or in an informal address to a few friends.

The orator's voice must reach, if possible, to the farthest listener, and time must be given for this, or his words, which sound clear enough near at hand, will become inextricably jumbled on the way.

Again, the speaker must articulate with the utmost distinctness, being especially careful that the final sound of each word is spoken clearly and kept separate from the next. Delicate shades of inflection are inaudible under such circumstances, and the orator must rely more upon enlargement and variety of melody than upon slide. Thus the first words of Lincoln's oration, which might in conversational delivery have a form something like this: —

Four score and seven years ago, | our fathers brought forth
upon this continent | a new nation.

would be enlarged to dimensions more like the following: —

Four score and seven years ago ||| our fathers || brought forth | upon
this continent ||| a new nation.

There is no need for the speaker to shout himself hoarse. If he will speak slowly and distinctly, using a full, resonant voice and varying the pitch as much as possible without departing from the melody of conversation, he will have little trouble in being heard. A moderately high tone carries farther than a low one.

Another prevalent fault in oratorical expression is that, in the effort to make himself understood, the speaker, if he does not shout, makes use of some sort of singsong intonation, half speech, half chant. It is undoubtedly the fact that song may be heard at a greater distance than speech, and, under extraordinary circumstances, monotone may be justifiable; but the effect is wearisome in the extreme to the average listener. On the other hand, a bright, animated, and impressive delivery goes far toward rendering even commonplace ideas attractive.

The best practice for attaining a conversational style in oratory is to read a passage first in the most colloquial manner possible, then enlarging and energizing it, but keeping as near as possible to the colloquial form. Do this with all the following selections, as well as with some of those previously studied. One of the best studies for the broader forms of oratorical inflection is Brutus's address on the death of Cæsar (p. 46).

ORIENT YOURSELF

The Germans and French have a beautiful phrase which would enrich any language that should adopt it. They say: "*to orient;*" or, "*to orient one's self.*"

When a traveler arrives at a strange city, or is overtaken by night or by a storm, he takes out his compass and learns which way is the East, or Orient. Forthwith all the cardinal points — east, west, north, south — take their true places in his mind, and he is in no danger of seeking for the sunset or the polestar in the wrong quarter of the heavens. *He orients himself.*

When commanders of armies approach each other for the battle, on which the fate of empires may depend, each learns the localities of the ground, — how best he can intrench his front or cover his flank, how best he can make a sally or repel an assault. *He orients himself.*

When a statesman revolves some mighty scheme of administrative policy, so vast as to comprehend surrounding nations and later times in its ample scope, he takes an inventory of his resources, he adapts means to ends, he adjusts plans and movements so that one shall not counter-work another, and he marshals the whole series of affairs for producing the grand result. *He orients himself.*

Young man! open your heart before me for one moment, and let me write upon it these parting words. The gracious God has just called you into being; and, during the few years you have lived, the greatest lesson you have learned is, that you shall never die. All around your body the earth lies open and free, and you can go where you will; all around your spirit the universe lies open and free, and you can go where you will. *Orient yourself!*

ORIENT YOURSELF! Seek frivolous and elusive pleasures if you will; expend your immortal energies upon ignoble and fallacious joys; but know, their end is intellectual imbecility, and the perishing of every good that can ennoble or emparadise the human heart. Obey, if you will, the law of the baser passions, — appetite, pride, selfishness, — but know, they will scourge you into realms where the air is hot with fiery-tongued scorpions, that will sting and torment your soul into unutterable agonies! But study and obey the sublime laws on which the frame of nature was constructed; study and obey the sublimer laws on which the soul of man was formed; and the fullness of the power and the wisdom and the blessedness, with which God has filled and lighted up this resplendent universe, shall all be yours! — HORACE MANN.

DUTY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

GENTLEMEN: Thought, which the scholar represents, is life and liberty. There is no intellectual or moral life without liberty. Therefore, as a man must breathe and see before he can study, the scholar must have liberty first of all; and as the American scholar is a man, and has a voice in his own government, so his interest in political affairs must precede all others. He must build his house before he can live in it. He must be a perpetual inspiration of freedom in politics. He must recognize that the intelligent exercise of political rights, which is a privilege in a monarchy, is a duty in a republic. If it clash with his ease, his taste, his study, let it clash, but let him do his duty. The course of events is incessant, but when the good deed is slighted the bad deed is done.

Scholars, you would like to loiter in the pleasant paths of study. Every man loves his ease, loves to please his taste. But into how many homes along this lovely valley came the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill, eighty years ago, and young men like us, studious, fond of leisure, young lovers, young husbands, young brothers and sons, knew that they must forsake the wooded hillside, the river meadows, golden with harvest, the twilight walk along the river, the summer Sunday in the old church, parents, wife, and child, and go away to uncertain war. Putnam heard the call at his plow, and turned to go, without waiting. Wooster heard it, and obeyed.

Not less lovely in those days was this peaceful valley, not less soft this summer air. Life was dear, and love as beautiful to those young men as it is to us who stand upon their graves. But, because they were so dear and beautiful, those men went out bravely to fight for them, and fall. Through these very streets they marched, who never returned. They fell, and were buried; but they can never die. Not sweeter are the flowers that make your valley fair, not greener are the pines that give your river its name, than the memory of the brave men who died for freedom.

Gentlemen, while we read history we make history. Because our fathers fought in this great cause, we must not hope to escape fighting. Because, two thousand years ago, Leonidas stood against Xerxes, we must not suppose that Xerxes was slain, nor, thank God, that Leonidas is not immortal. Every great crisis of human history is a pass of Thermopylæ, and there is always a Leonidas and his three hundred to die in it, if they can not conquer. And, so long as Liberty has one martyr, so long as one drop of blood is poured out for her, so long from that single drop of bloody sweat of the agony of humanity shall spring hosts as countless as the forest leaves, and mighty as the sea. — GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

PATRIOTISM

A man's country is not a certain area of land, — of mountains, rivers, and woods, — but it is principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and symbols of the country. But the secret sanctification of the soil and the symbol is the idea which they represent, and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death may give life to his country. So Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So George Washington, at once comprehending the scope of the destiny to which his country was devoted, with one hand puts aside the crown, and with the other sets his slaves free. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fight and fall — recruited only from the flower of mankind — cheered only by their own hope of humanity — strong only in their confidence in their cause. — CURTIS.

THE MISSION OF AMERICA

America has abstained from interference in the concerns of others, even when the conflict has been for principles to which she clings, as to the last vital drop that visits the heart. She has seen that, probably for centuries to come, all the contests of that Aceldama, the European world, will be contests between inveterate power and emerging right. Wherever the standard of freedom and independence has been or shall be unfurled, there will her heart, her benedictions, and her prayers be. But she goes not abroad in search of monsters to destroy. She is the wellwisher to the freedom and independence of all. She is the champion and vindicator only of her own. She will recommend the general cause by the countenance of her voice and the benignant sympathy of her example. She well knows that, by once enlisting under other banners than her own, were they even the banners of foreign independence, she would involve herself, beyond the power of extrication, in all the wars of interest and intrigue, of individual avarice, envy, and ambition, which assume the color and usurp the standard of freedom. The fundamental maxims of her policy would insensibly change from liberty to force. The frontlet upon her brows would no longer beam with the ineffable splendor of freedom and independence; but in its stead would soon be substituted an imperial diadem, flashing in false and tarnished luster the murky radiance of dominion and power. She might become the dictatress of the world; she would no longer be the ruler of her own spirit. —JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

MY AMBITION

I have been accused of ambition in presenting this measure, — inordinate ambition! If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself, — the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconception, both of friends and foes. Ambition! If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers, if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood still; I might have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could. I have been heretofore often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism, beings who, forever keeping their own selfish aims in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement, judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even for the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these states, united or separated: I never wish, never expect to be. Pass this bill, tranquilize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, amid my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people, once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land, — the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people.

— HENRY CLAY.

CHAPTER XI

GESTURE

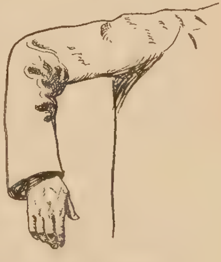
THE speaker has another means at his command for arresting and directing the attention of his audience and for emphasizing his chief points. This is gesture. By gesture we mean expressive movement, especially of the arms and head. Gesture should be reserved for emphatic passages or for those in which the author's meaning cannot be fully expressed by the voice alone.

EXERCISE I

PREPARATORY

Standing in the first position (page 10) with the arms hanging loosely, shoulders and muscles of the neck perfectly passive: (1) Relax the arms and shoulders completely by turning the body rather sharply from left to right and back a number of times, letting the arms go where they may.

(2) Raise the upper arm at the side with the forearm dangling lifelessly, and in this position shake the upper arm until the forearm and hand can be thrown about freely. (See figure.)



(3) Extend the arms straight out from the shoulder with the hands dangling and shake the hands in the same way, 1) at the sides, 2) in front, with palms (*a*) downward, (*b*) upward, (*c*) edgewise.

(4) With elbows at the sides, raise the forearm only, shaking the hands as before in the various positions described above.

EXERCISE II

INDICATION

After thoroughly relaxing as above, (1) lift first the upper arm, then the forearm, then the hand, finally pointing with the forefinger, allowing the other fingers to take their natural free and relaxed attitude. (2) Bring the arm back to the side in the same order. Point in various directions and with the palm up, edgewise, or downward. Use either hand.

Practice also with the forearm and hand, and with the hand alone ; in the latter case, first lifting the forearm carelessly until the wrist is about on a line with the elbow, or opposite the middle of the chest. Point in various directions, until flexibility and ease of wrist have been attained. At first go very slowly, but gradually blend the movements until there is no perceptible break in the action.

Be sure that in all these actions you have the least possible muscular tension or effort. Use just the muscles that are necessary and no more. Say, "Look at that tree, house, book, window," etc. We use the finger for definite or minute objects, the whole hand with fingers outspread for vast objects. Of course, there are many degrees between these extremes.

Wherever we find it necessary to locate an object we make use of *indicative*, or as they are sometimes called, *locative* gestures ; but remember that, though for practice you may make a great many gestures, in actual speaking you should let "discretion be your tutor." No gesture at all is far better than superfluous or unmeaning action.

ATTITUDES OF THE HAND

The feeling with which we regard the object or person indicated is shown by the attitude of the hand. Thus, a neutral indication is shown by the simple pointing of the forefinger ; but a sense of pleasure in the object would be shown by a caressing attitude of the hand and fingers, much like that we have in patting a dog, or smoothing a bit of velvet. Antagonism is shown by a tendency to repel or push away the object indicated, either with the edge of the hand, or, in strong feeling, with the palm or fist. Superior things, or things which we would put above us, or would exhibit favorably, are indicated often with the palm up, or, as we say, with supportive gesture, as if we lifted them to be seen. Things which we would put below us or which we regard as inferior, we show with the palm down. What is true of objects or persons is true of ideas; *we act toward imaginary objects, or ideas, just as we would toward real things, or people.*

GESTURES OF THE HEAD

In colloquial speech we often indicate merely by a slight turn of the head or inclination toward the object. In all excited action we have nods and shakes of the head, and various movements expressive of our feelings; but in dignified speech, and especially in oratorical delivery, constant motion of the head is out of place. Compare also what was said under "The Eye and Face in Reading" (p. 51, and especially p. 55).

EXERCISE III

Look first at the object, then, as you point, look back to the audience. Use the hand only for trivial things, the forearm and hand for conversation, and the full arm for very strong feelings and oratorical effects.

Indicate simply a definite object (*a*) with hand, (*b*) with forearm, (*c*) with full arm.

Indicate a broad surface (as the setting sun, the wall of a house, a tree), using the expanded hand.

Indicate carelessly a number of objects in succession (*e.g.* with hand relaxed, palm up, "John, James, and Henry").

Indicate with pleasure a beautiful rose, a picture, a sunset, a cunning little kitten.

Indicate with repulsion, or rejection, a silly child, a hideous reptile, a black thundercloud. Here the palm is presented, as if to push away the object.

Indicate with the fist, or with the forefinger extended, and the other fingers clenched (*a*) an enemy, "The rascal," "And shook his gauntlet at the towers," (*b*) a child, playfully, "Don't do that."

Indicate with support (palm upward), a friend, an idea, "I give my heart and hand to this vote," a chair, "Pray be seated."

Indicate with command (palm down), a chair, "Sit down, sir!" the door, "Leave the room."

Indicate yourself, "I myself."

EXERCISE IV

GESTURES OF PERSONAL RELATION

These exhibit more particularly the relation between the speaker and his audience, or the object addressed.

Use first one, then both hands, and with various degrees of energy and of extension from hand to fully developed arm. The strongest action is with both arms.

Interpellation. — Raise the palm toward the audience, as if to hush or command attention.

Appeal. — Extend the hand as if to receive something from those addressed: "Isn't it true?" The head slightly inclined, the palm up. *Invitation.* — As if beckoning. This is oftenest used as preliminary to gestures of indication, as much as to say, "Come, let us look at this!"

Protest. — As if pushing your audience away: "I protest against it." The head drawn back or lifted slightly.

Greeting. — Offer your hand as if to shake hands (*a*) with palm up, you greet a superior; (*b*) with palm down, an inferior; (*c*) edgewise, an equal. (The head bowing.) *Presentation* of ideas is very similar to the above.

Urge or Impel. — Much like protestation. The words and manner of the speaker will make the intention clear. The various actions under Ex. II. may also be directed to the audience.

EXERCISE V

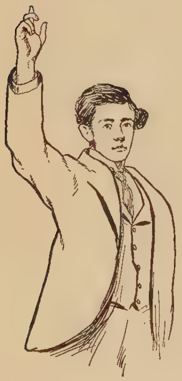
GESTURES OF ENFORCEMENT

Our gestures are often merely the expression of a purpose to enforce or emphasize what we say. For example: raise the arm, at the same time bowing the head, then bring down the arm, lifting the head, say, "I will." This is a common gesture of affirmation. Its purpose is to emphasize what is said. The upward movement is called *preparation;* the downward, the *execution* or *completion* of the gesture. Often the preparation is suspended or arrested to still further intensify the effect of the downward movement. The action of the head here is said to *oppose* that of the arm. In all strong gesture there is a tendency of the head to go in the opposite direction from the arm. Parallel action, *i.e.* action in the same direction with the arm, should always be avoided. Do not overdo the opposing actions of the head.

A list of the commoner gestures of emphasis follows: —

Affirmation (as above). — "I will," "It is so," implying strong personal feeling.

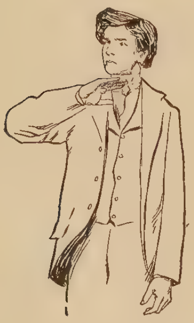
Invocation or Assertion. — The arm raised, the head opposing; serious, solemn asseveration: "I call Heaven to witness."

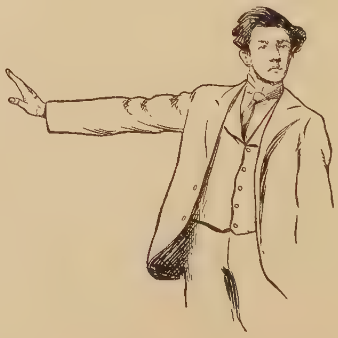


Declaration. — The hand extended obliquely at the side, palm toward the audience, implying sincere, unemotional statement: "You see for yourself." The declaration is often prepared by a folding motion, suggestive of self-indication. One or both hands may be used.

Surrender. — The arm lifted more or less, then going downward at the side obliquely, with the hand relaxed as if releasing something: "I acknowledge it."

Negation. — Preparation: the hand across the body, the





head opposing. Completion: the edgewise hand outward at the side, on a line with the shoulder, as if thrusting something away: "It is not so."

ENERGETIC ACTION

Practice all gestures with many degrees of energy, but be sure that in strong feeling there is correspondingly strong muscular action, not merely in the direction of the gesture, but in the opposing muscles. For instance, in extending the arm upward, feel that the arm has at the same time a tendency to draw back, which is overcome by the still more powerful upward impulse. The body, too, must participate in the muscular opposition. In the strongest forms of gesture the bodily attitude often opposes the action. That is, if the right arm is advanced, the right foot is retired with the weight thrown upon it.

In the following selections make the greatest possible use of gesture for the sake of practice. Add actions of your own to those described above. Be sure your gestures are not cramped or timid. Courage will give fluency and practice will give control of gesture.

SELECTIONS FOR GESTURE

THE BOYS

[Colloquial manner, gesture of forearm and hand predominating.]

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite,
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!

"Gray temples at twenty?" — Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snowflakes fall thickest there's nothing can
freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close, — you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed, —
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old: —
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge";
It's a neat little fiction, — of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," — the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" What's his name? — don't make
me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in, — a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith, —
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? — You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or with
pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

— HOLMES.

THE DRUNKARD

[Declaration and appeal.]

Every drunkard clothes his head with a mighty scorn; and makes himself lower than the meanest of his servants. The boys can laugh at him, when he is led like a cripple, directed like a blind man, and speaks like an infant, lisping with a full and spongy tongue, and empty head, and a vain and foolish heart. So cheaply doth he part with his honor for drink; for which honor he is ready to die, rather than bear it to be disparaged by another; when he himself destroys it, as bubbles that perish with the breath of children.

And is there anything in the world so foolish as a man that is drunk? But, what an intolerable sorrow hath seized upon great portions of mankind, that this folly and madness should possess the greatest spirits, and the wittiest men, the best company, the most sensible of the word *honor*, and the most jealous of the *shadow*, and the most careless of the *thing!*

Is it not a horrid thing, that a wise, a learned, or a noble person, should dishonor himself as a fool, destroy his body as a murderer, lessen his estate as a prodigal, disgrace every good cause that he can pretend to, and become an appellative of scorn, a scene of laughter or derision, *and all*, for the reward of forgetfulness and madness? For there are, in immoderate drinking, no other pleasures.

Why do valiant men and brave personages fight and die, rather than break the laws of men, or start from their duty to their country? Why do they suffer themselves to be cut in pieces rather than deserve the name of a traitor, or perjured? And yet these very men, to avoid the hated name of *drunkard*, and to preserve their temperance, will not pour a cup of wine on the ground, when they are invited to drink by the laws of the circle or wilder company.

Methinks it were but reason, that, if to give life to uphold a cause be not too much, they should not think it too much to suffer thirst for the reputation of that cause; and therefore much rather think it but duty to be temperate for its honor, that, what they value most, be not destroyed by drink. —Jeremy Taylor.

IN DEFENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN SUNDAY

[Protestation.]

There is going on to-day an organized conspiracy in which thousands of our well-meaning citizens are engaged, whose avowed purpose is to cut the heart out of our

Christian Sunday. They would, under the plea of personal liberty, throw open the saloons during certain hours on that day.

I protest against this ruthless invasion of the very sanctuary of God by the destroying foot of the Philistine, whose only God is his belly. The attack on the Christian Sunday is inspired partly by men who have no religion, partly by those who are restive under the little restraint the keeping of the law necessitates, who, I am sure, do not appreciate that, with the destruction of Sunday, will go much of the liberty we have attained and many of the sweetest joys of life. Do they not know that the so-called Continental Sunday is the outcome of the infidelity of the last century? It was grasping avarice in the revival of commerce between France and England that thought it could not afford to spare the day to God; then unwise governments, inspired not too much with the spirit of Christ, yielding to the pressure and demand of Mammon, relaxed the law that for centuries guarded the sacredness of the day.

In the name of public morality I protest against the opening of saloons at all on Sunday. The saloon is the plague spot in our civilization. It is the festering sore of immorality. It is the black spot wherein is generated the withering scourge of drunkenness. Shut up the saloons, and you may shut up nine tenths of our jails. The road from the saloon to the poorhouse, from the saloon to the insane asylum, is white with the bones of those who have fallen by the wayside in distress and agony. What, shall we give this vampire that already has poisoned the blood of the body politic still further opportunity to do unto death our civic strength? Are not six days enough for it to prey on the poor weaklings of humanity? What has it done for the State, or the welfare of the citizens, that it should be privileged thus? It has stood in our commonwealth for years as the lawless element, going into the legislature and giving the fat bribe to the legislator, snapping its finger at every effort to enforce the law in its regard, — controlling politics in such a way that good men must either bend the knee at its shrine or beat the dust of politics off their shoes.

The butcher and the baker have been closed every Sunday for the last hundred years, and there never was a word about restricting personal liberty; but when the saloon is closed, forsooth, personal liberty, this bulwark of free government, is strangled.

In the name of the truest liberty, the liberty that comes from the observance of good laws, I call upon all who listen to the voice of the Church, to stand resolutely together, and at this Thermopylæ of religion, morality, and liberty resist the attack of the enemies of the Christian Sunday. — Rev. Alexander P. Doyle.

THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL

[Strong action.]

I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this house. I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward the nation to which I belong, — toward a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct nation; it has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny.

I call upon this house, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen.

Against the bill I protest in the name of this Irish people, and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions that grievances are not to be complained of, that our redress is not to be agitated! for, in such cases, remonstrances cannot be too strong, agitation cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

There are two frightful clauses in this bill. The one which does away with trial by jury, and which I have called upon you to baptize: you call it a court-martial, — a mere nickname; I stigmatize it as a revolutionary tribunal. What, in the name of Heaven, is it, if it is not a revolutionary tribunal?

It annihilates the trial by jury; it drives the judge from his bench, — the man who, from experience, could weigh the nice and delicate points of a case; who could discriminate between the straightforward testimony and the suborned evidence; who could see, plainly and readily, the justice or injustice of the accusation.

It turns out this man who is free, unshackled, unprejudiced; who has no previous opinions to control the clear exercise of his duty. You do away with that which is more sacred than the throne itself, — that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble.

If ever I doubted before of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill, this infamous bill, the way in which it has been received by the house, the manner in which its opponents have been treated, the personalities to which they have been subjected, the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted, — all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph.

Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills?

Oh, they will be heard there! Yes; and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation; they will say, "We are eight millions; and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!"

I have done my duty; I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country; I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust, — as establishing an infamous precedent by retaliating crime against crime, — as tyrannous, cruelly and vindictively tyrannous.

— DANIEL O'CONNELL.

BROTHER WATKINS

[An illustration of "how not to do it." The singsong effect and the gasp (indicated by *ah!*) are faults which are admirably burlesqued in this clever parody. So, also, the exaggerated gestures of the ignorant speaker may be used with amusing effect.]

A Southern divine, who had removed to a new field of labor, gave his flock some reminiscences of his former charge, as follows: —

"My beloved brethering, before I take my text I must tell you about my parting with my old congregation. On the morning of last Sabbath I went into the meeting-house to preach my farewell discourse. Just in front of me sot the old fathers and mothers in Israel; the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks; their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad—*fare ye well, brother Watkins*—*ah!* Behind them sot the middle-aged men and matrons; health and vigor beamed from every countenance; and as they looked up I could see in their dreamy eyes—*fare ye well, brother Watkins*—*ah!* Behind them sot the boys and girls that I baptized and gathered into the Sabbath school. Many times they had been rude and boisterous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence I could hear—*fare ye well, brother Watkins*—*ah!* Around, on the back seats, and in the aisles, stood and sot the colored brethering, with their black faces and honest hearts, and as I looked upon them I could see a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins*—*ah!* When I had finished my discourse and shaken hands with the brethering—ah! I passed out to take a last look at the old church—ah! the broken steps, the flopping blinds, and moss-covered roof, suggested only—*fare ye well, brother Watkins*—*ah!* I mounted my old gray mare, with my earthly possessions in my saddlebags, and as I passed down the street the servant girls stood in the doors, and with their brooms waved me a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins*—*ah!* As I passed out of the village the low wind blew softly through the waving branches of the trees, and moaned—*fare ye well, brother Watkins*—*ah!* I came down to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins*—*ah!* And even the little fishes, as their bright fins glistened in the sunlight, I thought, gathered around to say, as best they could—*fare ye well, brother Watkins*—*ah!* I was slowly passing up the hill, meditating upon the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounded a big hog from a fence corner, with aboo! aboo! and I came to the ground with my saddlebags by my side. As I lay in the dust of the road my old gray mare run up the hill, and as she turned the top she waved her tail back at me, seemingly to say — *fare ye well, brother Watkins — ah!* I tell you, my brethering, it is affecting times to part with a congregation you have been with for over thirty years — ah ! "

CHAPTER XII

DESCRIPTIVE EXPRESSION

MENTAL PROCESSES

As we have seen, logical expression deals principally with facts, events, and the relations of ideas. Description endeavors to reproduce or image forth things. Practice in descriptive reading stimulates our powers of observation rather than of reasoning, or of mere abstract knowledge. The higher forms of description do more than help us to see things; they help us to gain *insight* into things, and especially to see beauty where at first we saw merely the thing. "Great Britain is an island off the continent of Europe" tells us a fact. But the following paragraph helps us to see a portion of it. It is Washington Irving's description of his first view of our mother country: —

"From that time until the period of arrival it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants around the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds, — all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitered the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grassplots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill; all were characteristic of England."

But poetic description does still more for us. It awakens all sorts of noble or beautiful associations and emotions in connection with the object described. A great poet will give us more in a few words than an inferior author can put into pages. Compare, for instance, even Irving's delightful word pictures with one line from Shakespeare, —

"England, bound in with the triumphant sea."

In the introduction we illustrated the processes of imaginative picturing. The more vividly we can see these mental images the better. Close your eyes and endeavor to recall some beautiful or exciting scene in your past experience, concentrating your mind upon it until each detail stands out vividly. Then take a similar scene in literature, and endeavor to bring it before your mind's eye in the same way. This process is sometimes called visualizing. There are those who can call up sounds in this way, others to whom the words "a rose" calls up not merely its appearance but a faint reminiscence of its perfume, or to whom the word "velvet" suggests its texture, "snowball" the chill as well as the size, shape, and solid pressure of it; while almost any one can imagine something like the taste, or at least the pleasure of tasting, a favorite dish. The more perfectly one can recall all these sensations, the truer to nature will his descriptions of these things be.

By way of example of imaginative analysis let us take the following, from *Each and All:* —

"The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubble of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me."

The mere facts may be stated in a few commonplace words: "As I walked on the beach I saw at my feet some pretty and fragile shells that had just been cast up by the waves." But even the dullest reader will feel that this does not excite his imagination as the poet's words did. And, as we realize this, we shall see why poetry, or indeed any form of imaginative literature, comes to be written at all. Is it not because the poet has a clearer vision of beauty than other people, and in his endeavor to make the vision as clear to others as to himself, he seizes on the words which most fully express or paint his ideas?

The first three lines call up an image of what all of us who live near the ocean have often seen, and what every one may easily imagine. But to make the picture complete, we must see more than the poet has put into words. Beyond the shore or beach we must see the ocean, above both sea and shore the blue sky, with perhaps a cloud here and there; see the gulls soaring aloft, and maybe catch a breath of the salt smell of the ocean. Certainly, we must hear in the next line, —

"The bellowing of the savage sea,"

or we cannot realize the poet's thought that the ocean is some monster pursuing the delicate shell which just escapes being seized by the "retreating wave." We said above that words stood not only for things, but for feelings about things. The poet does not always put these feelings into words. He leaves them to be inferred. The picture which Emerson has given us here is a picture of loveliness enhanced by contrast with a background suggestive of savage, vindictive hate. Now, to realize the possibilities of this stanza, we must feel toward "the delicate shells" and "the savage sea" as he did.

At first we love, or at least admire, the beauty of the scene. But our feeling toward the ocean must change to antagonism, because in this poem the waves are represented with unlovely traits. Later in the poem, when the writer has fetched his "sea-born treasures home," they in turn become unlovely.

> "But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
> Had left their beauty on the shore
> With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar."

Here the mood of the writer has changed, and the reader must feel the new emotions if he would render the lines as the poet conceived them.

Such are some of the mental processes which must precede the reading of descriptive prose or poetry. Some of us, who are gifted with vivid imaginations, will find it easy to reproduce in our own minds the pictures of another, but most of us will have difficulty in doing it at first. But the pleasure we shall take in re-creating a work of art step by step is almost as great as that of original composition, and will more than repay us for our trouble. Even those of us who are seemingly devoid of creative imagination may derive enjoyment from working out the problems of creative composition as one would solve a puzzle. An amusing, as well as useful, exercise is to draw a series of sketches of the objects described. The pictures need not have any artistic merit, but we should try to put in the foreground the important or emphatic elements, and have the rest more or less in the background. You will find, however, that the most beautiful verbal pictures cannot be drawn. They must be painted with sound and suggested by action. Where sounds are described, try to imagine that you hear them, as in the following example:

Hear the sledges with the bells — silver bells —
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, in the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to tinkle with a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

— Poe.

SELECTIONS FOR DESCRIPTIVE ANALYSIS

Analyze first for the most important picture, not necessarily the biggest, then for the subordinate pictures, then the background of each picture. Then seek for the poet's thoughts and feelings about the pictures. Afterwards try to read them with the aid of the hints in the succeeding chapter.

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with hookèd hands:
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

— Tennyson.

THE GLEN

I know a sanctuary glen
  That lieth far away;
Its tenant pines respond "Amen!"
  When strong winds plead or pray.

Within the glen a little pool
  Abideth still and lone,
Constant and calm, content and cool —
  A font by an altar stone.

Like Moslems all bowed low to pray
  Are the vines about its brink;
In its unsunned depths are trout at play;
  At its margin wild birds drink.

Oh, far away is the lonely glen,
  As my youth is far away,
But I'd give the world to be there again,
  To be there again to-day;
I would lie and rest as a child rests when
  He is too tired to play.

— CHARLOTTE WHITCOMB.

THE FERRYMAN

["He who takes the devil in his ferryboat must row him across the sound." — Old English Proverb.]

The boatman sate with brawny arms embrowned,
  Steadying the wherry as it rocked afloat:
  The "Dark Knight" came, and on his shield and coat
Symbols of doom and hell's devices frowned.
He leapt aboard. "Wilt row to Devil's Ground
  For gold?" The man sate dumb with choking throat.
  "Who finds the devil in his ferryboat
Must row him," said his soul, "across the sound."
To Devil's Ground he rowed, a sulphurous coast:
  "Alight," said then the knight, "'tis here we dwell."

"Nay, Dark Knight, nay, though here my boat hath crossed,
I asked thee not aboard." "Thou rowest well:
Who ships the devil is not always lost,
But lost is he who rows him home to Hell."

— THE ATHENEUM.

THOSE EVENING BELLS

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone, —
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

— THOMAS MOORE.

TRUE BEAUTY

Oh! talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiseled from marble or wrought out on canvas; speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness. This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the Virgin Mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections, uniting the awe and mystery of that mother's miraculous allotment, with the irrepressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity, — Heaven's crowning miracle, with Nature's holiest and sweetest instinct.

Quite the ugliest face I ever saw was that of a woman whom the world calls beautiful. Through its "silver veil" the evil and ungentle passions looked out hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which the multitude at the first glance pronounce homely, unattractive, and such as "Nature fashions by the gross," which I always recognize with a warm heart-thrill; not for the world would I have one feature changed; they please me as they are; they are hallowed by kind memories; they are beautiful through their associations; nor are they any the less welcome that with my admiration of them "the stranger intermeddleth not."

—WHITTIER.

THE GRAY DAY

Evermore all the days are long, and the cheerless skies are gray.
Restlessly wander the baffling winds that scatter the blinding spray,
And the drifting currents come and go like serpents across my way.

Wearily fades the evening dim, drearily wears the night.
The ghostly mists and the hurrying clouds and the breakers' crests of white
Have blotted the stars from the desolate skies, — have curtained them from my sight.

Speeding alone, my wave-tossed bark encounters no passing sail.
Welcoming friend nor challenging foe answers my eager hail, —
Only the sobbing, unquiet waves and the wind's unceasing wail.

Hopefully still my sails are bent, my pilot is faultlessly true.
He holds my course as though the seas and the mirrored skies were blue,
And the port of peace, where the winds are still, were evermore in view.

For over the spray and the rain and the clouds shines the eternal sun;
The unchanging stars in the curtained dome still gleam when the day is done;
And the mists will be kissed from the laughing skies when the port of rest is won.

— ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

AMBITION

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow; —
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head;
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

— BYRON.

EACH AND ALL

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hilltop looking down;
And the heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling the bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alderbough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
And fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white quire.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club moss burs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

—EMERSON.

AVE MARIA

A Breton Legend

In the ages of faith, before the day
When men were too proud to weep or pray,
There stood in a red-roofed Breton town,
Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,

A chapel for simple souls to meet,
Nightly, and sing with voices sweet, — "Ave Maria!"

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,
With unkempt locks and a matted beard,
Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,
And whose head kept rolling from side to side,
Yet who, when the sunset glow grew dim,
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn, — "Ave Maria!"

One year when the harvest feasts were done,
And the mending of tattered nets begun,
And the seabird's scream took a more weird key,
From the wailing wind and moaning sea,
He was found at morn on the fresh-strewn snow,
Frozen and faint and crooning low, — "Ave Maria!"

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs;
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,
And strove to quiet his chattering chin;
But ebbing, with unreturning tide,
He kept on murmuring, till he died, — "Ave Maria!"

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,
He could not be buried in sacred earth,
So they laid him afar, apart, alone,
Without a cross, or a turf, or a stone;
Senseless clay unto senseless clay!
To which none ever came nigh to say, — "Ave Maria!"

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorns white,
And the lark bore his music out of sight,

And the swallow outraced the racing wave,
Up from the lonely outcast grave
Sprouted a lily, straight and high!
Such as she bears to whom men cry, — "Ave Maria!"

None had planted it! no one knew
How it had come there, why it grew!
Grew up strong till its stately stem
Was crowned with a snow-white diadem —
One pure lily, round which, behold!
Was written by God in veins of gold, — "Ave Maria!"

Over the lily they built a shrine,
Where are mingled th' Mystic bread and wine;
The shrine you may see in the little town
That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and down;
Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,
And it bears the unshriven idiot's name. — "Ave Maria!"

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,
From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
Crazy, contorted, mindless born,
The gentles' pity, the cruels' scorn, —
Who shall bar you the gates of day?
So you have simple faith to say, — "Ave Maria!"

— Alfred Austin.

CHAPTER XIII

DESCRIPTIVE EXPRESSION

TECHNIQUE

The object of descriptive expression is to assist the imagination of the audience, to make them see, or at least understand, more clearly what we describe. When, for instance, we measure with our hands, saying, "It was so long," or "so high," we are making use of the simplest form of descriptive gesture. Gestures of Indication (p. 119) are descriptive. Expressive actions which aim to reproduce literally the things described are termed Imitative. For instance, if we say, "He was bent double," and bend the body so as to look like the person, or if we say, "He spoke in a voice of thunder," using a loud or rumbling voice, it is Imitation.

It will be readily seen that the field of imitation and literal description is limited. We cannot reproduce the roar of Niagara or the "bellowing of the savage sea," nor can we give the dimensions of a mountain, or even of an oak. But we can suggest these things, either by action which conveys a general idea of vastness, or by intonation which seems suited to the subject or which has some one salient quality of the thing described. For instance, in describing a crouching tiger, one would certainly not go on all fours, but he might, by the sinister gleam of the eye and the expression of the face, with slight clutching movements of the hand, and by the quality of the voice, suggest the cruel, bloodthirsty nature of the beast.

Again, as will be seen from the example just given, imitation is apt to be ridiculous if applied to serious matters. *The more ideal the selection, the more delicately suggestive should be the description.*

VOCAL SUGGESTION

The voice suggests various qualities of objects by rhythm, pitch, volume, and "color," that is, kind of tone. Thus, grandeur, vastness, sublimity, and solemnity can not be adequately expressed by high pitch, or thin tones; while delicacy, daintiness, and like qualities are expressed in light tones. The distinction between the "delicate shell" and "the bellowing of the savage sea" could hardly be made without corresponding vocal shading. Vocal suggestion is one of the most effective means of awakening the imagination of the auditor. *Avoid overdoing your tone pictures*, however, and especially *do not sacrifice inflection to vocal suggestion.* That is, keep exactly the same inflection you would use in the most commonplace, unimaginative speech. Inflection shows the relation of the speaker to his audience, or of the speaker's ideas to one another. If the natural inflection is lost, all naturalness disappears.

The size of objects is often suggested by rhythm. Grandeur and sublimity have slow movement, while triviality or brightness are spoken more "trippingly on the tongue." In connection with this read over what was said under The Melody of Emphasis, page 27.

One of the strongest means of suggestion is to present not the object, but *its effect on the speaker.*

There is a story of a simple fellow who was taken to see *Hamlet* and could not be persuaded that the ghost was not real, because the "little chap who played Hamlet was so frightened." It is a common fault in describing fearful things to look terrible instead of terrified ; but the latter is what an artist would do. So, it is hard to persuade your audience that a scene is beautiful, if you yourself do not show admiration for it. *The most perfect description exhibits both the thing spoken of and its effect on the speaker.*

RULES FOR DESCRIPTIVE EXPRESSION

Place your pictures obliquely in front, that is, a little to one side or the other. In all other respects (distance, height, depth, etc.) act toward these images as if they were actually present.

In describing scenes or events *do not talk to the scenes, but to the audience.* That is, look at the picture first, then tell about it to the audience. If you use gestures of indication the hand may retain its relation to the picture when the eye leaves it. *Avoid description or imitation when the words themselves are sufficient for the purpose.*

Descriptive action of any sort is effective only when it enhances the verbal expression, that is, supplies what is called Ellipsis. In the following selection from *As You Like It*, the fun is greatly enhanced by depicting the schoolboy's unwilling manner in face and attitude, the lover's sentimental attitude, perhaps with the hand on the heart, the fierce-browed soldier with hand on sword, the justice's self-satisfied pomposity, and so on. But notice that the "last scene of all," like the first, will be most effective if presented with our feeling about it predominating. In giving this selection we should also bear in mind that the words are put in the mouth of the "melancholy Jaques," who is a most cynical, dissatisfied person, and who therefore will give a touch of caricature to the whole description. This element of humorous exaggeration gives us greater scope for vocal picturing.

SEVEN AGES OF MAN

[Imitation.]

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part; the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion, —
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

— SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It.*

In the succeeding selections, we shall find less and less of the literal and more of the suggestive required as we proceed.

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

[Vocal suggestion.]

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
  This universal frame began! —
When nature underneath a heap
    Of jarring atoms lay,
  And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
  "Arise ye more than dead!"
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
  In order to their stations leap,
   And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
  This universal frame began;
  From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
  His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering, on their faces fell
  To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
  Within the hollow of that shell,
  That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
  Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
  And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
  Of the thundering drum,
  Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft complaining flute
  In dying notes discovers
  The woes of hapless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
  Fury, frantic indignation,
Depths of pain and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

But, O! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
  The sacred organ's praise!
    Notes inspiring holy love,
  Notes that wing their heavenly ways
    To mend the choirs above.
Orpheus could lead the savage race;

And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given.
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

—DRYDEN.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S FAN

[Imitative action.]

It owned not the color that vanity dons
Or slender wits choose for display;
Its beautiful tint was a delicate bronze,
A brown softly blended with gray.
From her waist to her chin, spreading out without break,
'Twas built on a generous plan;
The pride of the forest was slaughtered to make
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

For common occasions it never was meant:
In a chest between two silken cloths
'Twas kept safely hidden with careful intent
In camphor to keep out the moths.
'Twas famed far and wide through the whole countryside,
From Beersheba e'en unto Dan;
And often at meeting with envy 'twas eyed,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Camp meetings, indeed, were its chiefest delight,
Like a crook unto sheep gone astray
It beckoned backsliders to re-seek the right,
And exhorted the sinners to pray.

It always beat time when the choir went wrong,
  Psalmody leading the van.
Old Hundred, I know, was its favorite song —
  My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

A fig for the fans that are made nowadays,
  Suited only to frivolous mirth!
A different thing was the fan that I praise,
  Yet it scorned not the good things of earth.
At bees and at quiltings 'twas aye to be seen;
  The best of the gossip began
When in at the doorway had entered serene
  My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Tradition relates of it wonderful tales.
  Its handle of leather was buff.
Though shorn of its glory, e'en now it exhales
  An odor of hymn books and snuff.
Its primeval grace, if you like, you can trace,
  'Twas limned for the future to scan,
Just under a smiling, gold-spectacled face,
  My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

— Samuel Minturn Peck.

HENRY V. TO HIS TROOPS

[Description.]

King Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility:

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage,
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it.
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. — On, on you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonor not your mothers: now attest,
That those, whom you called fathers did beget you:
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war! — and you good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry — God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

— Shakespeare, *King Henry V.*

FROM HORATIUS

Meanwhile the Tuscan army, right glorious to behold, came flashing back the noonday light, rank behind rank, like surges bright of a broad sea of gold. Four hundred trumpets sounded a peal of warlike glee, as that great host, with measured tread, and spears advanced, and ensigns spread, rolled slowly toward the bridge's head, where stood the dauntless Three. The Three stood calm and silent and looked upon the foes; and a great shout of laughter from all the vanguard rose; and forth three chiefs came spurring before that deep array; to earth they sprang, their swords they drew and lifted high their shields, and flew to win the narrow way. Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus into the stream beneath: Herminius struck at Seius and clove him to the teeth: at Picus brave Horatius darted one fiery thrust; and the proud Umbrian's gilded arms clashed in the bloody dust. But hark! the cry is "Astur!": and lo! the ranks divide; and the great Lord of Luna comes with his stately stride. Upon his ample shoulder clangs loud the fourfold shield, and in his hand he shakes the brand that none but he may wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,—a smile serene and high; he eyed the flinching Tuscans and scorn was in his eye. Quoth he: "The she-wolf's litter stands savagely at bay; but will ye dare to follow if Astur clears the way?" Then, whirling up his broadsword with both hands to the height, he rushed upon Horatius and smote with all his might. With shield and blade Horatius right deftly turned the blow. The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh; it missed his helm, but gashed his thigh; the Tuscans raised a joyful cry to see the red blood flow. He reeled, and on Herminius leaned for one breathing space, then, like a wild cat mad with wounds, sprang right at Astur's face. Through teeth, and skull, and helmet, so fierce a thrust he sped, the good sword stood a hand's breadth out behind the Tuscan's head; and the great Lord of Luna fell at that deadly stroke as falls on Mount Alvernus a thunder-smitten oak.

On Astur's throat Horatius right firmly pressed his heel, and thrice and four times tugged amain, ere he drew out the steel. And "see," he cried, "the welcome, fair friends, that waits you here! What noble Lucumo comes next to taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge a sullen murmur ran, mingled of wrath and shame and dread, along that glittering van: and from the ghastly entrance where those bold Romans stood, all shrank, like boys, who unaware, ranging the woods to start a hare, come to the mouth of the dark lair where, growling low, a fierce old bear lies amidst bones and blood. Was none who would be foremost to lead such dire attack: but those behind cried "Forward!" and those before cried "Back!" And backward now and forward wavers the deep array; and on the tossing sea of steel, to and fro the standards reel, and the victorious trumpet peal dies fitfully away.

— T. B. Macaulay.

THE PETRIFIED FERN

[Delicate suggestion.]

In a valley, centuries ago,
    Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
    Veining delicate and fibers tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
    Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,

Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
None ever came to note it day by day.

Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay, —
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

THE NIGHTS

[Emotions.]

O the Summer Night, has a smile of light,
  And she sits on a sapphire throne;
While the sweet winds load her, with garlands of odor,
  From the bud to the rose o'erblown!

But the Autumn Night has a piercing sight,
  And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder, like the wrath of the thunder,
  When he shouts to the stormy sea!

And the Winter Night is all cold and white,
  And she singeth a song of pain;
Till the wild bee hummeth, and the warm spring cometh,
  Then she dies in a night of rain.

Night bringeth sleep to the forests deep,
  The forest bird to its nest;
To care, bright hours, and dreams of flowers,
  And that balm to the weary, — Rest.

— ADELAIDE PROCTER.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

[We may imitate the slow *tick-tock* of the clock here, but the expression should also be varied with the emotion called up in each stanza.]

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;

And, from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to all,
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;

His great fires up the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at his board;
But like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
    "Forever — never!
     Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed,
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime!
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
    "Forever — never!
     Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
    "Forever — never!
     Never — forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask with throbs of pain, —
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
    "Forever — never!
     Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care
And death and time shall disappear,
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

— LONGFELLOW.

THE DAY IS DONE

[Reflection, delicate suggestion, and gentle emotions. Be careful not to confuse feelings with pictures.]

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
  Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
  Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
  And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
  Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
  Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
  And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
  Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
  The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
  That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
  The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
  The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
  And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
  And as silently steal away.

— LONGFELLOW.

THE SKY

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky, and yet there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, working upon exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. Yet, if in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says, it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; and another, it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell one of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered away in the dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds where the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary. And yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, nor in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can be addressed only through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and unsubdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

— Arranged from RUSKIN.

BUGLE SONG

[Listen to the tones and see the pictures, but do not imitate either.]

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

— TENNYSON.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks, and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

—Robert Burns.

THE CLOUDS

[An excellent study in suggestive indications.]

Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are?

That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation — why is *it* so heavy, and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks, — why are *they* so light, their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? Why will these melt away, not as the sun *rises*, but as he *descends*, and leave the stars of twilight clear; while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth, like a shroud? Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet,— and yet, — slowly; now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone; we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them, and waves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hills — that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest, — how it is stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow, — nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it — poised as a white bird hovers over its nest! Or those war clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire, — how is their barbed strength bridled? What bits are those they are champing with their vaporous lips, flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, — out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning; the sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening — what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace; — what hand has reined them back by the way in which they came? — Ruskin.

THE CLOUD

[Vocal expression principally.]

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on my airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleecelike floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridgelike shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;

I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
  I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
  The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
  Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
  And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
  I arise and unbuild it again.

— SHELLEY.

MUSIC

[In this and the succeeding selections try to feel rather than to picture.]

Lorenzo. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. —

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jessica. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

— SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice.*

SAILING THE MISSISSIPPI AT MIDNIGHT

Vast and starless, the pall of heaven
Laps on the trailing pall below;
And forward, forward in solemn darkness,
As if to the sea of the lost we go.

Now, drawn nigh the edge of the river,
Weirdlike creatures suddenly rise;
Shapes that fade, dissolving outlines
Baffle the gazer's straining eyes.

Towering upward and bending forward,
  Wild and wide their arms are thrown,
Ready to pierce with forkèd fingers
  Him who touches their realm upon.

Tide of youth, thus thickly planted,
  While in the eddies onward you swim,
Thus on the shore stands a phantom army,
  Lining forever the channel's rim.

Steady, helmsman! you guide the immortal;
  Many a wreck is beneath you piled,
Many a brave yet unwary sailor
  Over these waters has been beguiled.

Nor is it the storm or the scowling midnight,
  Cold, or sickness, or fire's dismay —
Nor is it the reef, or treacherous quicksand,
  Will peril you most on your twisted way.

But when there comes a voluptuous languor,
  Soft the sunshine, silent the air,
Bewitching your craft with safety and sweetness,
  Then, young pilot of life, beware.

— Walt Whitman

THANATOPSIS

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild

And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements ;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, — with kings,
The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock ribbed, and ancient as the sun ; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;

The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! . . .
. . . As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe and the gray-headed man —
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes, to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

— BRYANT. *Abridged.*

BEAUTY

[Proem to Endymion.]

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

  Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They alway must be with us, or we die.

— Keats.

TO A WATERFOWL

Bryant

Whither, 'midst falling dew, while glow the heavens with the last steps of day, far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue thy solitary way? Vainly the fowler's eye might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong, as, darkly painted on the crimson sky, thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink of weedy lake, or marge of river wide, or where the rocking billows rise and sink, on the chafed ocean side? There is a Power whose care teaches thy way along that pathless coast, the desert and illimitable air — lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned, at that far height, the cold thin atmosphere, yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land, though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end; soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest, and scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend, soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given, and shall not soon depart. He who, from zone to zone, guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight, in the long way that I must tread alone will lead my steps aright.

CHAPTER XIV

DRAMATIC EXPRESSION

By Dramatic Expression we mean not merely stage representation, but any exhibition of human feelings or actions. When, for instance, in reading a poem like "Lady Clare," we have occasion to speak in the character of another, and especially to present the emotions of another or even to simulate feeling on our own account, our expression may be said to be dramatic.

Oratory, as we have seen, is addressed directly to the audience and has for its object to move others by direct appeal to their reason or sympathies. Dramatic expression, on the contrary, appeals indirectly, by exhibiting our own feelings, or those of the person we represent. Where we deliberately assume another character than our own we are said to *impersonate*.

In reading scenes from plays we assume each character in turn, suggesting, but not imitating too closely, the various personages. Narration is usually a combination of the oratorical and the dramatic styles. In dialogue or other forms of dramatic literature, where two or more different individuals take part, of course each impersonates to the best of his ability.

The greatest difference between dramatic and oratorical action is in this: that in dramatic expression, revealing as it does the feelings of the speaker, our gestures, instead of reaching out toward the audience, are more frequently directed toward either the objects exciting our feelings or toward our own selves. In emotional expression the hand more frequently seeks the heart, the lips, the brow, the eyes, or whatever part is supposed to be most deeply affected.

Elocutionists often fail not only on the stage but in dramatic reading from not realizing this essential difference in the relations of speaker and audience.

See also what was said under *The Eye and Face in Reading* (p. 51).

EMOTIONAL EXPRESSION

It is very difficult to lay down rules for the vocal expression of emotion. What has been said under *Breathing* and with regard to the imagination applies to dramatic expression also. Practice in expressive attitudes is of great help in acquiring genuine feeling. The range of youthful experience is necessarily limited, and many emotions cannot be expressed by young people as they will be in after years, so we must be content with approximation to the deeper feelings. It should be noted carefully, however, that the greatest and most common fault in emotional expression is undue physical exertion. This is true even of the harsher feelings. Emotion is an agitation of the inner, not of the outer, man, and the parts most affected are not the external muscles, but the internal organs such as the heart, the liver, the tear glands. Excitement of any sort causes an overflow of nerve force from the brain. It must find an outlet somewhere, just like steam or electricity. If this overflow is directed into the external muscles, we have muscular tension, over gesticulation, noise, and rant. If, however, we *will* to keep our external muscles as passive as possible, this nerve force is compelled to seek another outlet and flows into the emotional channels. The result is a more genuine expression of feeling.

It is well, also, to concentrate expression on the emphatic word, striving to make the rest relatively unemotional, and to reserve emotional expression for climaxes. Nothing is more fatiguing to speaker or audience than a constant succession of dramatic outbursts. In emotional expression remember that *the emphatic word is the one that most completely expresses the emotion*, not necessarily, as in logical expression, that which reveals the thought.

The best rule for attaining true emotional expression is, to *feel more strongly on the emphatic word, rather than try to make others feel.*

Practice the following selections for emotion. Keep the body as passive as possible, but breathe deeply and frequently. Use gestures and change your attitude according to your feeling, but keep on the retired foot as much as possible. That attitude best enables us to gather in and concentrate feeling. Have as great volume as is consistent with the emotion to be expressed. The sound of one's own voice often acts as a stimulant to feeling.

A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA [PRINCESS OF WALES]

March 7, 1863

Sea king's daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!

Welcome her, thundering cheers of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket and higher
Melt into stars for the land's desire!
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground swell dashed on the strand,
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The sea king's daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea —
O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own;
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

— TENNYSON.

JUNE

[From *The Vision of Sir Launfal.*]

Oh, what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days:
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and in flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by,
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

— James Russell Lowell.

THE MINSTREL BOY

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;

The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
  For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
  Thou soul of love and bravery;
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
  They shall never sound in slavery!"

— Moore.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying.
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
  With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
  O death! where is thy sting?

— Pope.

ROME

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone Mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day!
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe,
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes new;
The very sepulchers lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

—Byron, *Childe Harold.*

TAHAWUS

[The highest peak of the Adirondacks is called "Marcy" in the guidebooks. Its real name, given by a long-vanished tribe of Indians, is Tahawus, signifying "Cloud-splitter."]

Tahawus has conquered the tempest;
  The storm clouds are sundered in twain,
His peak to the blue of the ether
  He raises in triumph again!
As from altars secluded and secret
  See the mist, like an incense, arise;

It ascends like a wraith from the woodland,
Like a bird it is lost in the skies.
O would that my spirit were like thee,
Tahawus, thou cleaver of clouds! —
That my cares could be quelled like the tempest
When thy might and thy grace it enshrouds;
That I too could emerge from the lightnings
As calm and as placid of brow,
That my thought, which aspires to the heavens,
Were majestic and lofty as thou!

— Georgiana Mendum.

AS THE SUN WENT DOWN

Two soldiers lay on the battlefield
At night when the sun went down.
One held a lock of thin gray hair
And one held a lock of brown.

One thought of his sweetheart back at home,
Happy and young and gay,
And one of his mother left alone,
Feeble and old and gray.

Each in the thought that a woman cared,
Murmured a prayer to God,
Lifting his gaze to the blue above,
There on the battle sod.

Each in the joy of a woman's love
Smiled through the pain of death,
Murmured the sound of a woman's name,
Though with his parting breath.

Pale grew the dying lips of each,
Then, as the sun went down,
One kissed a lock of thin gray hair,
And one kissed a lock of brown.

— Waldron W. Anderson.

RESIGNATION

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so, is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead, the child of our affection, —
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

— LONGFELLOW.

THE FLAG

All hail to our glorious ensign! Courage to the heart, and strength to the hand to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory and patriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the tented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast!

Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar! Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never in any cause be stained with shame!

Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart! First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm! Having been borne victoriously across the continent, and on every sea, may virtue and freedom and peace forever follow where it leads the way.

— EDWARD EVERETT.

CHAPTER XV

DRAMATIC ATTITUDES

Bodily action of some sort always precedes speech. A baby makes a face before it cries. An emotion first stirs the inner man, then affects the external muscles, and last of all finds expression in words.

At bottom we shall find that all expression which does not manifest mental, that is, unemotional, states, expresses either pleasure, pain, love, or antagonism in some form. The more complex states combine these in various proportions.

The degree of energy modifies all our expressions. Physical power, strength, is shown in energetic action; weakness is shown in relaxed muscular action, and bodily depression.

In general, we may say that animation, pleasure, or joy expand and uplift the body; pain contracts and sorrow depresses it. Love draws us forward, toward the object; fear, disgust, antagonism withdraw us; but passive love also draws back the body, while active antagonism carries it forward. Thus, in admiring a beautiful scene, we draw back to enjoy it more fully; while in attacking an enemy we go toward him.

PRESENTATIONS OF THE TORSO

In addition to the hints given above and in the lesson on Breathing, the following principles should be borne in mind: —

The body facing the interlocutor squarely expresses respect, frankness, dominance, courage, etc. If the torso is advanced obliquely toward one, it manifests tenderness, but it shows a suspicion or fear if withdrawn from the person addressed. To turn the back on one's interlocutor is to express the utmost contempt for him.

ATTITUDES OF THE HEAD

The head is erect in attention, lifted higher in hauteur or joyful excitement, bowed in thought or threatening, inclined gently toward the interlocutor in tenderness, drawn back or inclined away from the interlocutor in distrust. In weakness the neck is relaxed, the head thrown from side to side or backward; in shame the head hangs down.

The habitual attitude of a person is called his Bearing. In dramatic expression we show our conception of the character we impersonate, not only by our bearing, but by the tone of voice, the selection of means for emphasis, habitual inflections, pitch, rhythm, and, in a word, by all possible means of vocal characterization.

Thus, a blustering type of character would stand habitually with the legs apart, head lifted, and elbows out; his voice would be loud, and his emphasis would be by force rather than by melody. A mean person would draw himself together, speak in a softer voice, perhaps, avoid the eye of the person addressed, etc. A noble character would stand erect. A timid person would act as if just ready to run away. In practicing scenes from plays we may carry impersonation further than in narrative recitation, where it is better to suggest than to imitate too broadly. In dialogues and scenes the actors should face the audience as much as possible, facing one another obliquely and moving about freely as the situations and emotions demand.

EXERCISES IN ATTITUDE

1. From a reflective attitude go forward with the body joyfully erect, smiling, and in every way endeavoring to feel happy. Imagine that you have just received good news of some sort. Say "How delightful," "How jolly," "Hurrah." Clap the hands or make any other joyful demonstration that will aid you in giving full expression to the feeling.

2. Change the weight to the retired foot, but with great relaxation and depression: "I can go no farther," "All is over," "Alas!"

3. Go forward again, but this time with a loving and tender expression, the head inclined, the arms extended as in welcome: "I love you," or caressingly, "What a pretty child," "What a beautiful picture."

4. Retire with strong antagonism — frowning face, hands extended as if to scratch or tear, or clinched as if to strike: "I hate you!"

Reverse 3 and 4, that is, go forward with hate, backward with love.

In all these and similar exercises, try to feel the emotion before taking the attitude. Hold a mental state or an emotion until you feel the effect in every part of the body.

PANTOMIMIC INVENTION

For gaining self-control, as well as for studying the effects or different emotions, it is good practice to imagine a series of situations and act accordingly.

For example: (1) Suppose yourself to be standing or sitting in your room. (2) A knock is heard; you turn in expectation. (3) A friend enters. (4) You advance a step in greeting. (5) He refuses to accept your hand, much to your surprise. (6) He accuses you of misconduct, although you protest your innocence. (7) You become angry. (8) Finally you order him to leave the room. (9) On his departure you reflect upon his conduct and your indignation changes into sorrow at the loss of a friend, or pain at the accusation, and you sink back in your chair, or remain standing in great dejection. One can invent and act out many similar little "plots," and the practice is of much greater benefit than mere mechanical repetition of set exercises could possibly be; but it is necessary, in order that they be well performed, that a certain amount of careful mechanical practice should go with your inventions; otherwise you run the risk of increased awkwardness, instead of ease and harmony.

It is well to accompany your action with appropriate phrases, for example, with the above series: (1) "What a stupid day; I wish some one would call." (2) "Ah! come in!" (3) "This is a pleasant surprise!" (4) "How glad I am to see you." (5) "What is the matter?" (6) "I assure you it is not true." (7) "I say it is false!" (8) "Leave the room!" (9) "How could he believe I would do such a thing?" or "Now I shall never see him again!"

In the selections which follow, make free use of attitude, gesture, facial expression, and all the elements of vocal expression which we have studied.

In public performance we must be careful not to overdo; but in rehearsing a difficult selection it is occasionally advisable to carry action to the greatest possible extreme in order to attain freedom and ease.

DRAMATIC SELECTIONS

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

[Attitudes of reflection, either sitting or standing.]

To be, or not to be; that is the question: —
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—to die; to sleep,—
No more: and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd! To die, — to sleep; —
To sleep! perchance to dream: — Ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who'd these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns, — puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. —SHAKESPEARE.

QUEEN KATHARINE'S APPEAL TO HENRY VIII

[Tender and affectionate persuasion, resignation, despair.]

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice.
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you; what cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yes, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,

My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reigned by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm that did debate this business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose council
I will implore: if not, i' th' name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd! —SHAKESPEARE.

CARDINAL WOLSEY, ON BEING CAST OFF BY KING HENRY VIII

[Dejection, despair, noble resignation, physical weakness.]

Nay, then, farewell,
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
[*To the messengers of the King as they leave him.*]
So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks — good, easy man — full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have,
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. . . .

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard of, — say I taught thee, —
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.

Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee, —
Corruption wins not more than honesty;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, —— Prithee, lead me in:
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. Oh, Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

— Arranged from SHAKESPEARE.

SCENE FROM KING STEPHEN

[*A field of battle. Alarum. Enter King* STEPHEN, *Knights, and Soldiers.*]

Stephen. If shame can on a soldier's vein-swoll'n front
Spread deeper crimson than the battle's toil,
Blush in your casing helmets! for see, see!
Yonder my chivalry, my pride of war,
Wrench'd with an iron hand from firm array,

Are routed loose about the plashy meads,
Of honor forfeit. O that my known voice
Could reach your dastard ears, and fright you more!
Fly, cowards, fly! Gloucester is at your backs!
Throw your slack bridles o'er the flurried manes,
Ply well the rowel with faint trembling heels,
Scampering to death at last!
1st Knight. The enemy
Bears his flaunt standard close upon their rear.
2d Knight. Sure of a bloody prey, seeing the fens
Will swamp them girth-deep.
Stephen. Over head and ears.
No matter! 'Tis a gallant enemy;
How like a comet he goes streaming on.
But we must plague him in the flank, — hey, friends?
We are well breath'd, — follow!

[*Enter Earl* BALDWIN *and Soldiers, as defeated.*]

Stephen. De Redvers!
What is the monstrous bugbear that can fright
Baldwin?
Baldwin. No scarecrow, but the fortunate star
Of boisterous Chester, whose fell truncheon now
Points level to the goal of victory.
This way he comes, and if you would maintain
Your person unaffronted by vile odds,
Take horse, my Lord.
Stephen. And which way spur for life?
Now I thank Heaven I am in the toils,
That soldiers may bear witness how my arm
Can burst the meshes. Not the eagle more
Loves to beat up against a tyrannous blast,
Than I to meet the torrent of my foes.

This is a brag, — be't so, — but if I fall,
Carve it upon my 'scutcheon'd sepulcher.
On, fellow soldiers! Earl of Redvers, back!
Not twenty Earls of Chester shall browbeat
The diadem.

— KEATS.

THE PHANTOM SHIP

[Horror.]

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky!

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked my blood,
And cried, A sail, a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See ! see ! (I cried), she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright sun ;
When that strange ship drave suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate it peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! thought I, (and my heart beat loud),
How fast she nears, and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the sun
Like restless gossameres ?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that Woman's mate ?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold ;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
"The game is done ! I've won, I've won !"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips ! the stars rush out !
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter bark.

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My lifeblood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

— S. T. Coleridge, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

THE QUARREL BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

[Anger, reproach, tenderness.]

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in this :
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;

Wherein my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) were slighted off.
Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.
Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear its comment
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? — What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus? —
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me:
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health: tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? Aye, more. Fret till your proud heart break.
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor?
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth; yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus:
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.

Cas. What! Durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me: —
For I can raise no money by vile means;
I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions;
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius:
For Cassius is a-weary of the world —
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from my eyes! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth:
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are overearnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

— SHAKESPEARE.

SCENE FROM LONDON ASSURANCE

Max Harkaway. Ah! Sir Harcourt, had you been here a month ago, you would have witnessed the most glorious run that ever swept over merry England's green cheek, a steeple chase, sir. How I regretted my absence from it! How did my filly behave herself, Gay?

Lady Gay Spanker. Gloriously, Max! gloriously! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone: the start was a picture — away we went in a cloud — pell-mell — helter-skelter — the fools first, as usual, using themselves up — we soon passed them — first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug — Kitty skimmed the walls — Blueskin flew over the fences — the Colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run — at last the Colt balked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves — she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head — ha! ha! Away he flew like a thunderbolt — over went the filly — I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch — walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

All. Bravo! Bravo!

Lady Gay. [*To Dazzle.*] Do you hunt?

Daz. Hunt! I belong to a hunting family. I was born on horseback and cradled in a kennel! Aye, and I hope I may die with a whoo-whoop!

Max. [*To Sir Harcourt Courtly.*] You must leave your town habits in the smoke of London: here we rise with the lark.

Sir H. Haven't the remotest conception when that period is.

Grace Harkaway. The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence.

Sir H. Oh, pardon me; I have seen sunrise frequently after a ball, or from the windows of my traveling carriage, and I always considered it disagreeable.

Grace. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song the flowers breathe, the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause, — these swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it.

Sir H. The effect of a rustic education! Who could ever discover music in a damp foggy morning, except those confounded waits, who never play in tune, and a miserable wretch who makes a point of crying coffee under my window just as I am persuading myself to sleep: in fact, I never heard any music worth listening to, except in Italy.

Lady Gay. No? then you never heard a well-trained English pack in full cry!

Sir H. Full cry!

Lady Gay. Aye! there is harmony, if you will. Give me the trumpet-neigh; the spotted pack just catching scent. What a chorus is their yelp! The view halloo, blent with a peal of free and fearless mirth! That's our old English music, — match it where you can.

— Dion Boucicault.

SCENE FROM THE RIVALS

Mrs. Malaprop. There, Sir Anthony, there stands the deliberate simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia. Madam, I thought you once —

Mrs. M. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all: thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow — to illiterate him, I say, from your memory.

Lyd. Ah! madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. M. But I say it is, miss! there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle, as if he had never existed; and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. M. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise me to do as you are bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that, had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. M. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman. But, suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. M. Take yourself to your room! You are fit company for nothing but your own ill humors.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am; I cannot change for the worse. [*Exit*, R.

Mrs. M. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir A. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am; all that is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library: from that moment, I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. M. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir A. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge!

Mrs. M. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

Sir A. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. M. Observe me, Sir Anthony — I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments; but, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and, as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; above all, she should be taught orthodoxy. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir A. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you: though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. — But to the more important point in debate — you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. M. None, I assure you. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir A. Objection! — let him object, if he dare! — No, no, Mrs. Malaprop; Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple — in his younger days, 'twas "Jack, do this," — if he demurred, I knocked him down; and, if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. M. Aye, and the properest way, o' my conscience! — Nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir A. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl — take my advice, keep a tight hand — if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE FROM THE RIVALS

Captain Absolute. Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anthony. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. A. Yes, sir; I am on duty.

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir A. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir A. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir A. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention; and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Capt. A. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude.

I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army.

Sir A. Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir!

Sir A. Aye, aye, settle that between you — settle that between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir A. Aye, a wife — why, did not I mention her before?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir A. Upon my word, I mustn't forget *her*, though! Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage, — the fortune is saddled with a wife; but I suppose that makes no difference?

Capt. A. Sir, sir, you amaze me!

Sir A. What's the matter? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not one word of a wife.

Sir A. Why, what difference does that make? Sir, if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir A. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, that's not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir A. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that on this point I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Hark you, Jack! I have heard you for some time with patience; I have been cool — quite cool; but take care; you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led — when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it; in this I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Now, shoot me, if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A. Sir, I won't hear a word — not a word! — not one word! So, give me your promise by a nod; and I'll tell you what, Jack, — I mean, you dog, — if you don't —

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness; to —

Sir A. Sir, the lady shall be as ugly as I choose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's mu-se-um; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew; she shall be all this, sir! yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty!

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

Sir A. None of your sneering, puppy! — no grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis false, sir! I know you are laughing in your sleeve: I know you'll grin when I am gone, sir!

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please! It won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir A. I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! But it won't do!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word —

Sir A. So, you will fly out? Can't you be cool, like me? What good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! Don't provoke me! But you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog! You play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet, take care; the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! But, mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why, I may, in time, forgive you. If not, don't enter the same hemisphere with me; don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light, with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest! I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you! I'll never call you Jack again! [*Exit.*]

Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hand.

— R. B. Sheridan.

THE VICTIM

[Dramatic narration — alternation of description and impersonation.]

A plague upon the people fell,
  A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
  For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried
  "The Gods are moved against the land."

The Priest in horror above his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand:
"Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer)
We give you his life."

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
And whiten'd all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame:
And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd
Till at last it seem'd that an answer came:
"The King is happy
In child and wife;
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life."

The Priest went out by heath and hill;
The King was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seem'd a victim due to the Priest.
The Priest beheld him,
And cried with joy,

"The Gods have answer'd:
We give them the boy."

The King return'd from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said: "They have taken the child
To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea:
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is *he* your dearest?
Or I, the wife?"

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stay'd his arms upon his knee:
"O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me."
The King was shaken with holy fear;
"The Gods," he said, "would have chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell!"
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won:
"We have his dearest,
His only son!"

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar stone she sprang alone,
"Me, not my darling, no!"

He caught her away with a sudden cry;
  Suddenly from him brake his wife,
And shrieking, "*I* am his dearest, I —
  I am his dearest!" rush'd on the knife.
      And the Priest was happy,
      "O Father Odin,
      We give you a life.
      Which was his nearest?
      Who was his dearest?
      The Gods have answer'd;
      We give them the wife!"

— TENNYSON.

SPORT

From *Boy Life on the Prairie*, by permission

Somewhere, in deeps
Of tangled ripening wheat,
A little prairie-chicken cries —
Lost from its fellows, it pleads and weeps.
Meanwhile, stained and mangled,
With dust-filled eyes,
The unreplying mother lies
Limp and bloody at the sportsman's feet.

— HAMLIN GARLAND.

PART II

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

TO A MUMMY

HORACE SMITH

And thou hast walked about — how strange a story!
In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago!
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! — for thou long enough hast acted dummy,
Thou hast a tongue, — come — let us hear its tune!
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon, —
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features!

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame? —
Was Cheops, or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name? —
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer? —
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason — and forbidden,
By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade:

Then say, what secret melody was hidden
  In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest; — if so, my struggles
Are vain, — for priestcraft never owns its juggles!

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
  Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharoah, glass to glass, —
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat, —
  Or doffed thine own, to let Queen Dido pass, —
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch, at the great temple's dedication!

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
  Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled?
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
  Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled: —
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
  We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations:
The Roman empire has begun and ended, —
  New worlds have risen, — we have lost old nations, —
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
  When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb, with thundering tread,
  O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis, —
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
  The nature of thy private life unfold!
A heart hath throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
  And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled: —
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! — Immortal of the dead!
  Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, — who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
  And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning!

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
  If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
  In living virtue, — that when both must sever,
Athough corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

THE VICTORY OF HECTOR

HOMER'S ILIAD, TRANSLATED BY BRYANT

As two men upon a field,
With measuring rods in hand, disputing stand
Over the common boundary, in small space,
Each one contending for the right he claims,
So, kept asunder by the breastwork, fought
The warriors over it, and fiercely struck
The orbed bull's-hide shields held up before
The breast, and the light targets. Many a one
Was smitten when he turned and showed the back

Unarmed, and many wounded through the shield.
The towers and battlements were steeped in blood
Of heroes, — Greeks and Trojans. Yet were not
The Greeks thus put to flight; but, as the scales
Are held by some just woman, who maintains,
By spinning wool, her household, — carefully
She poises both the wool and weights, to make
The balance even, that she may provide
A pittance for her babes, — thus equally
Were matched the warring hosts, till Jupiter
Conferred the eminent glory of the day
On Hector, son of Priam. He it was
Who first leaped down into the space within
The Grecian wall, and, with far-reaching voice,
Thus shouted, calling to the men of Troy: —
  "Rush on, ye knights of Troy! rush boldly on,
And break your passage through the Grecian wall,
And hurl consuming flames against their fleet!"
  So spake he, cheering on his men. They heard,
And rushed in mighty throngs against the wall,
And climbed the battlements, to charge the foe
With spears. Then Hector stooped, and seized a stone
Which lay before the gate, broad at the base
And sharp above, which two, the strongest men, —
As men are now, — could hardly heave from earth
Into a wain. With ease he lifted it,
Alone, and brandished it: such strength the son
Of Saturn gave him, that it seemed but light.
As when a shepherd carries home with ease
A wether's fleece, — he bears it in one hand,
And little is he cumbered with its weight, —
So Hector bore the lifted stone, to break
The beams that strengthened the tall folding gates.

Two bars within, laid crosswise, held them firm, —
Both fastened with one bolt. He came and stood
Before them; with wide-parted feet he stood,
And put forth all his strength, that so his arm
Might drive the missile home; and in the midst
He smote the folding gates. The blow tore off
The hinges; heavily the great stone fell
Within: the portals crashed; nor did the bars
Withstand the blow: the shattered beams gave way
Before it; and illustrious Hector sprang
Into the camp. His look was stern as night;
And terrible the brazen armor gleamed
That swathed him. With two spears in hand he came,
And none except the gods — when once his foot
Was on the ground — could stand before his might.
His eyes shot fire, and, turning to his men,
He bade them mount the wall; and they obeyed:
Some o'er the wall, some through the sculptured gate,
Poured in. The Achaians to their roomy ships
Fled, and a fearful uproar filled the air.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

C. F. Alexander

By Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab, there lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulcher, and no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod, and laid the dead
man there.
That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping, or saw the train go forth;

Noiselessly as the daylight comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the great sun, —

Noiselessly as the springtime her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves, —
So, without sound of music, or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown the great procession swept.

Lo! when the warrior dieth, his comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum, follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken, they tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed, while peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place with costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept, where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings, along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior that ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet that ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage, as he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor, the hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait with stars for tapers tall;

And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes, over his bier
to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land, to lay him in
the grave?

Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land, oh, dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours, and teach them to
be still.
God hath his mysteries of Grace — ways that we cannot
tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep of him he loved
so well.

ENVY AND AVARICE

VICTOR HUGO

Envy and Avarice, one summer day,
Sauntering abroad
In quest of the abode
Of some poor wretch or fool who lived that way —
You — or myself, perhaps — I cannot say —
Along the road, scarce heeding where it tended,
Their way in sullen, sulky silence wended;
For, though twin sisters, these two charming creatures,
Rivals in hideousness of form and features,
Wasted no love between them as they went.
Pale Avarice,
With gloating eyes,
And back and shoulders almost double bent,
Was hugging close that fatal box
For which she's ever on the watch
Some glance to catch
Suspiciously directed to its locks;

And Envy, too, no doubt with silent winking
At her green, greedy orbs, no single minute
Withdrawn from it, was hard a-thinking
Of all the shining dollars in it.

The only words that Avarice could utter,
Her constant doom, in a low, frightened mutter,
"There's not enough, enough, yet in my store!"
While Envy, as she scanned the glittering sight,
Groaned as she gnashed her yellow teeth with spite,
"She's more than me, more, still forever more!"

Thus, each in her own fashion, as they wandered,
Upon the coffer's precious contents pondered,
When suddenly, to their surprise,
The god Desire stood before their eyes.
Desire, that courteous deity who grants
All wishes, prayers, and wants;
Said he to the two sisters: "Beauteous ladies,
As I'm a gentleman, my task and trade is
To be the slave of your behest —
Choose therefore at your own sweet will and pleasure,
Honors or treasure!
Or in one word, whatever you'd like best.
But, let us understand each other — she
Who speaks the first, her prayer shall certainly
Receive — the other, the same boon *redoubled!*"

Imagine how our amiable pair,
At this proposal, all so frank and fair,
Were mutually troubled!
Misers and enviers of our human race,
Say, what would you have done in such a case?

Each of the sisters murmured, sad and low :
"What boots it, oh, Desire, to me to have
Crowns, treasures, all the goods that heart can crave,
Or power divine bestow,
Since still another must have always more?"
So each, lest she should speak before
The other, hesitating slow and long
Till the god lost all patience, held her tongue.
He was enraged, in such a way,
To be kept waiting there all day,
With two such beauties in the public road;
Scarce able to be civil even,
He wished them both — well, not in heaven.

Envy at last the silence broke,
And smiling, with malignant sneer,
Upon her sister dear,
Who stood in expectation by,
Ever implacable and cruel, spoke :
"I would be blinded of *one* eye!"

THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS

ÆSCHYLUS, TRANSLATED BY J. S. BLACKIE

Some evil god, or an avenging spirit,
Began the fray. From the Athenian fleet
There came a Greek, and thus thy son bespoke :
"Soon as the gloom of night shall fall, the Greeks
No more will wait, but, rushing to their oars,
Each man will seek his safety where he may
By secret flight." This Xerxes heard, but knew not
The guile of Greece, nor yet the jealous gods,

And to his captains straightway gave command
That, when the sun withdrew his burning beams,
And darkness filled the temple of the sky,
In triple lines their ships they should dispose,
Each wave-plashed outlet guarding, fencing round
The isle of Ajax surely. They obeyed.
All night they cruised, and with a moving belt
Prisoned the frith, till day 'gan peep, and still
No stealthy Greek the expected flight essayed.
But when at length the snowy-steeded day
Burst o'er the main, all beautiful to see,
First from the Greeks a tuneful shout uprose,
Well omened, and, with replication loud,
Leaped the blithe echo from the rocky shore.
Fear seized the Persian host, no longer tricked
By vain opinion; not like wavering flight
Billowed the solemn pæan of the Greeks,
But like the shout of men to battle urging,
With lusty cheer. Then the fierce trumpet's voice
Blazed o'er the main; and on the salt sea flood
Forthwith the oars with measured splash descended,
And all their lines, with dexterous speed displayed,
Stood with opposing front. The right wing first,
Then the whole fleet, bore down, and straight uprose
A mighty shout:
"Sons of the Greeks, advance!
Your country free, your children free, your wives, —
The altars of your native gods deliver,
And your ancestral tombs, — all's now at stake!"
A like salute from our whole line back rolled
In Persian speech. Nor more delay, but straight
Trireme on trireme, brazen beak, on beak,
Dashed furious. A Greek ship led on the attack,

And from the prow of a Phœnician struck
The figure head; and now the grapple closed
Of each ship with his adverse desperate.
At first the main line of the Persian fleet
Stood the harsh shock: but soon their multitude
Became their ruin: in the narrow frith
They might not use their strength, and, jammed together,
Their ships with brazen beaks did bite each other,
And shattered their own oars. Meanwhile the Greeks
Stroke after stroke dealt dexterous all around,
Till our ships showed their keels, and the blue sea
Was seen no more, with multitude of ships
And corpses covered. All the shores were strewn,
And the rough rocks, with dead: till, in the end,
Each ship in the barbaric host, that yet
Had oars, in most disordered flight rowed off.
As men that fish for tunnies, so the Greeks,
With broken booms, and fragments of the wreck,
Struck our snared men, and hacked them, that the sea
With wail and moaning was possessed around,
Till black-eyed Night shot darkness o'er the fray.

CLOSE OF THE ORATION ON THE CROWN

Demosthenes

Because of the failure of the Athenian opposition to Philip of Macedon, Æschines protested against the award of the customary civic crown to Demosthenes. Demosthenes replied in what is regarded as the greatest masterpiece of ancient eloquence. In conclusion, after reviewing his course and challenging his rival to point out a better one, he spoke as follows [condensed from Jebb's translation, with a few verbal changes]: —

I say that, if the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand, if all men had been fully aware of it, if you, Æschines, who never opened your lips, had been ever so loud or so shrill in prophecy or in protest, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory, or for her past, or for the ages to come. Now, of course, she seems to have failed; but failure is for all men when Heaven so decrees. In the other case, she, who claims the first place in Greece, would have renounced it, and would have incurred the reproach of having betrayed all Greece to Philip. But in the whole course of her annals, no one could ever persuade Athens to side with dishonest strength, to accept a secure slavery, or to desist, at any moment in her career, and from doing battle and braving danger for preëminence, for honor, and for renown.

The Athenians of old were not in search of an orator or a general who should help them to an agreeable servitude. No, they would not hear of life itself if they were not to live free. Each one of them held that he had been born the son, not only of his father and his mother, but of his country also. And wherein is the difference? It is here. He that recognizes no debt of piety save to his parents awaits his death in the course of destiny and of nature. But he that deems himself the son of his country also will be ready to die sooner than see her enslaved.

Never, Athenians, never can it be said that you erred when you imperiled yourselves for the freedom and the safety of all. No, by our fathers who met the danger of Marathon; no, by our fathers who stood in the ranks at Platæa; no, by our fathers who did battle on the waters of Salamis and Artemision; no, by all the brave who sleep in tombs at which their country paid those last honors which she had awarded, Æschines, to all of them alike, not alone to the successful or the victorious! And her award was just. The part of brave men had been done by all. The fortune experienced by the individual among them had been allotted by a power above man.

Here is the proof. Not when my extradition was demanded, not when they sought to arraign me before the Amphictyonic Council, not for all their menaces or their offers, not when they set these villains like wild beasts upon me, have I ever been untrue to the loyalty I bear you. I do not go about the market place radiant with joy at my country's disasters. I do not hear of my country's successes with a shudder and a groan and a head bent to earth, like the wretches who pull Athens to pieces, as if, in so doing, they were not tearing their own reputations to shreds, who turn their faces to foreign lands, and, when an alien has triumphed by the ruin of the Greeks, give their praises to that exploit, and vow that vigilance must be used to render that triumph eternal.

Never, powers of heaven, may any brow of the immortals be bent in approval of that prayer. Rather, if it may be, breathe even into these men a better mind and heart; but if so it is that to these can come no healing, then grant that these, and these alone, may perish utterly and early on land and on the deep: and to us, the remnant, send the swiftest deliverance from the terrors gathered above our heads, send us the salvation that stands fast perpetually.

THE DEATH OF HERMINIUS

Macaulay

Arranged from *The Battle of Lake Regillus*

But north looked the Dictator ;
  North looked he long and hard ;
And spake to Caius Cossus,
  The Captain of his Guard :
"Caius, of all the Romans
  Thou hast the keenest sight ;
Say, what through yonder storm of dust
  Comes from the Latian right ?"

Then answered Caius Cossus :
  "I see an evil sight ;
The banner of proud Tusculum
  Comes from the Latian right ;
I see the plumèd horsemen ;
  And far before the rest
I see the dark gray charger,
  I see the purple vest ;
I see the golden helmet
  That shines far off like flame ;
So ever rides Mamilius,
  Prince of the Latian name."

"Now hearken, Caius Cossus :
  Spring on thy horse's back ;
Ride as the wolves of Apennine
  Were all upon thy track ;
Haste to our southward battle :
  And never draw thy rein

Until thou find Herminius,
And bid him come amain."

So Aulus spake, and turned him
Again to that fierce strife ;
And Caius Cossus mounted,
And rode for death and life.
So came he far to southward,
Where fought the Roman host,
Against the banners of the marsh
And banners of the coast.
Like corn before the sickle
The stout Lavinians fell,
Beneath the edge of the true sword
That kept the bridge so well.

"Herminius! Aulus greets thee ;
He bids thee come with speed,
To help our central battle ;
For sore is there our need.
There wars the youngest Tarquin,
And there the Crest of Flame,
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.
Valerius hath fallen fighting
In front of our array :
And Aulus of the seventy fields
Alone upholds the day."

Herminius beat his bosom :
But never a word he spake.
He clapped his hand on Auster's mane ;
He gave the reins a shake,

Away, away went Auster,
  Like an arrow from the bow:
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
  From Aufidus to Po.

Right glad were all the Romans
  Who, in that hour of dread,
Against great odds bare up the war
  Around Valerius dead,
When from the south the cheering
  Rose with a mighty swell;
"Herminius comes, Herminius,
  Who kept the bridge so well!"

Mamilius spied Herminius,
  And dashed across the way.
"Herminius! I have sought thee
  Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
  Shall never more go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum,
  And lay thou on for Rome!"

All round them paused the battle,
  While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
  The horses black and gray.
Herminius smote Mamilius
  Through breastplate and through breast;
And fast flowed out the purple blood
  Over the purple vest.
Mamilius smote Herminius
  Through headpiece and through head;
And side by side those chiefs of pride

Together fell down dead.
Down fell they dead together
In a great lake of gore ;
And still stood all who saw them fall
While men might count a score.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark gray charger fled :
He burst through ranks of fighting men ;
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.

But, like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
Into his master's face.
Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
And seized black Auster's rein.
Then Aulus swore a fearful oath,
And ran at him amain.
"The furies of thy brother
With me and mine abide,
If one of your accursed house
Upon black Auster ride ! "
As on an Alpine watchtower
From heaven comes down the flame,
Full on the neck of Titus
The blade of Aulus came :
The knees of all the Latines
Were loosened with dismay
When dead, on dead Herminius,
The bravest Tarquin lay.

"Rome to the charge ! " cried Aulus ;
"The foe begins to yield !

Charge for the hearth of Vesta!
  Charge for the Golden Shield!
Now bear me well, black Auster,
  Into yon thick array;
And thou and I will have revenge
  For thy good lord this day."

Then the fierce trumpet flourish
  From earth to heaven arose.
The kites know well the long stern swell
  That bids the Romans close.
Then the good sword of Aulus
  Was lifted up to slay:
Then like a crag down Apennine,
  Rushed Auster through the fray.

Then underfoot was trampled,
  Amidst the mud and gore,
The banner of proud Tusculum,
  That never stooped before:
And in the back false Sextus
  Felt the good Roman steel,
And wriggling in the dust he died,
  Like a worm beneath the wheel:
And fliers and pursuers
  Were mingled in a mass;
And far away the battle
  Went roaring through the pass.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

ELIJAH KELLOGG

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheater. The shouts of revelry had died away. The roar of the lion had ceased. The last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished.

In the deep recess of the amphitheater a band of gladiators were assembled. Their muscles were still knotted with the agony of conflict. The foam was upon their lips, and the scowl of battle yet lingered upon their brows; when Spartacus, rising in their midst, thus addressed them: —

Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief, who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish; and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever in public fight or private brawl my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on.

And yet I was not always thus — a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Cyrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans in a defile of the mountains had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war horse — the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died — the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile and mourn over its ashes. Aye! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said — "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!" And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs.

O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Aye! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd-lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe, — to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy lifeblood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours — and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, — follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that ye do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! —if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let us die under the free sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

IN A THEATER

London Academy, translated from A. Werner

[Capua, 72 B.C.]

We were friends and comrades loyal, tho' I was of alien race,
And he a freeborn Samnite that followed the man from Thrace,
And there, in the mid-arena, he and I stood face to face.
I was a branded swordsman, and he was supple and strong.
They saved us alive from the battle to do us this cruelest wrong,
That each should slay the other there before the staring throng.

Faces — faces — and faces! how it made my brain to spin!
Beautiful faces of women, and tiger souls therein!
And merry faces of girls that laughed, debating of who should win.

Over us burning and cloudless, dazzled the blue sky's dome:
Far away to the eastward the white snowpeaks of his home;
And in front, the prefect, purple clad, in the deadly might of Rome.

And so, in the mid-arena, we stood there, face to face,
And he looked me right in the eyes and said: "I ask thee one last grace —
Slay me, for thee I cannot." Then I held his hand a space,

But knew not what I answered; the heavens round and wide
Surged up and down — a flash of steel — my sword was through his side,
And I was down upon my knees, and held him as he died.

His blood was warm on my fingers, his eyes were scarcely still,
When they tore him from me, and the blade that else had healed all ill.
And it is one more day that I am theirs, to work their will.

No matter! the sand, and the sun, and the faces hateful to see,
They will be nothing — nothing! But I wonder who may be
The other man I have to fight — the man that shall kill me?

ORATION AGAINST CATILINE

Cicero

How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palatium! Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed? that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge, here in the Senate? that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted? Alas, the times! Alas, the public morals! The Senate understands all this. The Consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Aye, truly, and confronts us here in council, takes part in our deliberations, and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter. And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the state, if we but shun this madman's sword and fury.

Long since, O Catiline, ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others. There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless, because forbearing. We have a decree, — though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard, — a decree by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too late than any man too cruelly.

But, for good reasons, I will yet defer the blow long since deserved. Then will I doom thee, when no man is found so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt. While there is one man that dares defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized, by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the republic, without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy slightest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason, — the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noonday, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear, and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the state, than thou in plotting its destruction.

CATO ON IMMORTALITY

Addison

It must be so — Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! — thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me:
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us, —
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud

Through all her works, — He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures, — this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to my end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ANTONY'S LAMENT OVER CÆSAR

Julius Cæsar

SHAKESPEARE

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times,
Woe to the hand that sheds this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue, —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR

Arranged from *Julius Cæsar*

SHAKESPEARE

Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious: —
If it were so it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it!
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —
For Brutus is an honorable man!
So are they all! all honorable men, —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me, —
But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man!
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff! —
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man!

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition? —
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man!
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it comes back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; — now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence!
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men! —
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men! —

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, — 'tis his will!
Let but the commons hear this testament, —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue!

You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii. —
Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,
And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep! and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; — these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look ye here!
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; — I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourself do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN

N. P. Willis

The Roman sentinel stood helmed and tall
Beside the gate of Nain.
Upon his spear the soldier leaned, and kept
His drowsy watch, and as his waking dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his lids,
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumberously dozed on.
'Twas now high noon.
The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city.
The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear point downwards as the bearers passed,
Bending beneath their burden. There was one —
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands,
Followed an aged woman. Her slow steps
Faltered with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Followed apart, but no one spoke to her, —
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone, —
A widow with one son. He was her all, —
The only tie she had in the wide world, —
And this was he. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain; as they came near
The place of burial, and with straining hands

Closer upon her breast she clasped the pall,
And with a hurried sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin gray lashes of her fevered eyes,
She passed where Jesus stood beside the way.
He looked upon her, and his heart was moved.
"Weep not!" he said, and as they stayed the bier,
And at his bidding set it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her hands,
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute crowd drew near
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and prayed. Then, taking the cold hand,
He said, "Arise!" — and instantly the breast
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And, with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud,
And while the mourner hung upon his neck —
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

PAUL'S DEFENSE BEFORE AGRIPPA

Bible

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself: I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

Whereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, at midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.

And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.

But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner.

King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor, and Bernice, and they that sat with them: and when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds. Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS

Mary Russell Mitford

I come not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a slave; not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame, —
But base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell, — a name!

Each hour dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor, — there he stands, —
Was struck — struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian!

I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once — a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy ; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple.

How I loved
That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son ! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek ; a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
That pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance ! Rouse, ye Romans ! Rouse, ye slaves !
Have ye brave sons ? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters ? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored ; and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash.

Yet this is Rome
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world ! and we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king !

And once again, —
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus ! Once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free.

RABIAH'S DEFENSE

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

Go not away from us; stay, O Rabiah, son of Mukàd!
Soft may the clouds of dawn spread dew on thy grassy grave,
Rabiah, the long-locked boy, who guardedst thy women, dead.

Fast rode the fleeing band, straight for the pass al-Khadìd,
Mother and daughters, wives, and Rabiah the only man,
Fleeing for honor and life through lands of a vengeful tribe.
Sudden a moving cloud came swift o'er the hill behind.
Dark rode the men of Sulaim, and Death rode dark in their midst.
"Save us!" the mother cried. "O boy, thou must fight alone!"
"Hasten, ride!" he said, calm. "I only draw rein till a wind
Blowing this dust away gives place to look for the foe."
His sisters moaned, "He deserts!" "Have you known it?" Rabiah cried.
The women rode and rode. When the dust cleared, his arrows sprang
Straight at the following foe: the pride of their host went down.
Swift turned Rabiah his mare, and o'ertook his retreating kin;
Halting to face again as the men of Sulaim closed round.
Once more his mother called: "Charge thou again, O son!
Keep off their hands from us all, meet them with shaft on shaft."

Still he kept turning and aimed, till every arrow was gone;
Still rode the women on; by sunset the pass was near.
Still the black horses came, and Rabiah drew his sword,
Checked for the last time there, and face to face with a clan.

Then rode Nubaishah up, son of the Habìb,
Thrust young Rabiah through, and cried aloud, "He is slain!
Look at the blood on my lance!" Said Rabiah only, "A lie!"
Turned and galloped once more, and faced when he reached al-Khadìd.
There had the women paused, to enter the pass one by one.
"Mother," he cried, "give me drink!" She answered, "Drink, thou art dead,
Leaving thy women slaves. First save thou thy women, then die!"
"Bind up my wound," he said; she bound with her veil. He sang,
"I was a hawk that drove the tumult of frightened birds,
Diving deep with my blows, before and again behind."
Then she said, "Smite again!" and he, where the pass turns in,
Sat upright on his steed, barring the road once more.
Then drew the death-chill on; he leaned his head on his spear,
Dim in the twilight there, with the shadows darkening down.
Never a dog of Sulaim came up, but they watched and watched.
The mare moved never a hoof; the rider was still as she;
Till sudden Nubaishah shrieked, "His head droops down on his neck!

He is dead, I tell you, dead! Shoot one true shaft at his mare!"
The mare started, she sprang; and Rabiah fell, stone cold.
— Far and away through the pass the women were safe in their homes.

Then up rode a man of Sulaim, struck Rabiah hard with his spear,
Saying, "Thou Pride of God, thou alone of mortals wast brave.
Never a man of our tribe but would for his women die;
Never before lived one who guarded them yet, though dead!"

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

H. W. LONGFELLOW

[Abridged]

"This ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors." — NOTE BY MR. LONGFELLOW.

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest
  Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
  Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
  Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
  From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
  No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
  For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
  Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
  Trembled to walk on.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
  With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led:
Many the souls that sped,

Many the hearts that bled,
  By our stern orders.

"I wooed a blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
As in the forest's shade
  Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
  By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
  Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
  To hear my story.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
  I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
  Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me, —
Fairest of all was she
  Among the Norsemen! —

When on the white sea strand
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,

Cloudlike we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl,
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

A LOST LEGEND

F. W. Bourdillon

St. Wilfrid once, aware of love grown cold,
And faith but lukewarm in his northern fold,
While ev'n the few who failed not to be shriven
Sought less for peace than feared to forfeit Heaven,
Announced for an approaching festival
Tidings of infinite import to all.
And when the close-packed church expectant stood,
Down from its place he threw the holy rood,
Crying : "My brethren, know that Armageddon
Is fought and lost ! The saints of God, though led on
By Michael and his angels, were o'erthrown ;
And Satan occupies the heavenly throne.
All is reversed ; 'tis sinners who will dwell
Henceforth in Heaven, while saints must burn in Hell.
Myself, alas ! too zealous have I striven
On the Lord's side ! — no hope for me of Heaven.
But you, my brethren, I have little doubt
May yet find entrance, if you turn about.
Only be speedy, for I have sure word
That Judgment-day will be no more deferred ;
And Satan's hosts are on the road to bind
Whomever in the house of God they find.
Go, sin while there is time ! Forsake the church,
And leave me as your scape-goat in the lurch ! "
  All stared astonished ; and on many a face,
Smug, smooth, and sanctimonious, a grimace
Grew slowly, while the open sinner's laughter
Rang loudly from the rood-loft to the rafter.

Then, swift as ants swarm from their threatened heap,
Or from the opened pinfold rush the sheep,
Forth streamed the congregation, thick and fast,
Each only fearing to be found the last.
The church was empty, and St. Wilfrid stood,
Most grimly smiling, by the fallen rood;
When in a darkened corner he was ware
Of some one kneeling, and a sobbing prayer:
"O dear Lord Jesu! I have followed Thee
So long, and Thou hast loved me. Let me be
Where Thou art, Jesu! Rather will I dwell
Than with Thy foes in Heaven with Thee in Hell!"
Then cried St. Wilfrid: "Blessed be thy name,
Woman, that puttest my weak faith to shame!
I thought but to convict the careless herd
Of vain religion by an empty word.
But now of thine example will I make
A lesson that all sinners' souls shall wake,
All saints' rekindle; and that word of thine
Shall to the world in golden letters shine."
  He stepped toward the woman; the white head
Lay on the withered hands; she knelt there, dead.

KING CANUTE

W. M. Thackeray

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild seashore.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of the Seal.
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or the veal?"
"Pshaw!" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper, 'tis not that I feel.

"'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair:
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary."— Some one cried, "The King's arm-chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the Keeper nodded,
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed: "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old;
These fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mold!

"Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their slaughtered sires." —
"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one admires.

"But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my gracious lord, to search,
They're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother Church;
Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

"Look! the land is crowned with minsters, which your Grace's bounty raised;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised:
You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience I'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawnear."
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!
Men have lived *a thousand* years, and sure his Majesty will do't.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride!
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."
Canute turned towards the ocean — "Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat:
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey:
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
. . . King Canute is dead and gone: parasites exist alway.

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL

Adelaide A. Procter

The fettered spirits linger in purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing their last faint earthly stain,
Which life's imperfect sorrow had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet on each feast of Mary their sorrow finds release,
For the great Archangel Michael comes down and bids it cease;
And the name of these brief respites is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once — so runs the legend — when the Archangel came,
And all these holy spirits rejoiced at Mary's name,
One voice alone was wailing, still wailing on the same:

"I am not cold or thankless, although I still complain;
I prize Our Lady's blessing, although it comes in vain

To still my bitter anguish or quench my ceaseless pain.
On earth a heart that loved me, still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish is more than I can bear;
All the torment that I suffer is the thought of his despair.
The evening of my bridal, Death took my life away;
Not all love's passionate pleading could gain an hour's delay;
And he I left has suffered a whole year since that day.
If I could only see him, — if I could only go
And speak one word of comfort and solace, — then I know
He would endure with patience, and strive against his woe."

Thus the Archangel answered, "Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of Heaven will give you full relief;
Yet if his earthly comfort so much outweighs your grief,
Then through a special mercy I offer you this grace, —
You may seek him who mourns you, and look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort, for one short minute's space;
But when that time is ended, return here and remain
A thousand years in torment, a thousand years in pain;
Thus dearly must you purchase the comfort he will gain."

* * * * * * *

The lime tree's shade at evening is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches pace slowly side by side,
In low and tender converse, a bridegroom and his bride.
The night is calm and stilly, no other sound is there,
Except their happy voices; — what is that cold bleak air
That passes through the lime trees, and stirs the bridegroom's hair?

While one low cry of anguish, like the last dying wail
Of some dumb hunted creature, is borne upon the gale;
Why does the bridegroom shudder and turn so deadly pale?

* * * * * * *

Near Purgatory's entrance the radiant angels wait;
It was the great St. Michael who closed that gloomy gate
When the poor wandering spirit came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the angel; "Heaven's joy is deep and vast:
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit, for heaven is yours at last;
In that one minute's anguish your thousand years have passed."

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

Ballad

John Keats

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woebegone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
  Full beautiful — a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
  And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
  And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
  And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
  And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing,
  A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
  And honey wild, and manna due,
And sure in language strange she said —
  "I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
  And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
  With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
  And there I dream'd — Ah! woe betide
The latest dream I ever dream'd
  On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
  Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried — "La Belle Dame sans Merci
  Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake
And no birds sing.

THE BALLAD OF ALICE BRAND

Scott

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis [1] and merle [2] are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you ;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slew."

"O Richard ! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance ;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

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[1] Thrush.

[2] Blackbird.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's ax is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who wonn'd within the hill, —
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairy's fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christen'd man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For mutter'd word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have still'd their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard his fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
"That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear, —
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer." —

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepp'd she Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign, —
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?"

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by the monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

"And gaily shines the Fairy-land —
But all its glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

"It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And 'twixt life and death was snatch'd away
To the joyless elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mold,
As fair a form as thine."

She cross'd him once — she cross'd him twice —
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

GUALBERTO'S VICTORY

Abridged

Eleanor C. Donnelly

A mountain pass so narrow that a man
Riding that way to Florence, stooping, can
Touch with his hand the rocks on either side,
And pluck the flowers that in the crannies hide.
Here, on Good Friday, centuries ago,
Mounted and armed, John Gualbert met his foe;
Mounted and armed as well, but riding down
To the fair city from the woodland brown.

"Back!" cried Gualberto. "Never!" yelled his foe;
And on the instant, sword in hand, they throw
Them from their saddles, nothing loath,
And fall to fighting with a smothered oath.
Theirs was a long, fierce struggle on the grass,
Thrusting and parrying up and down the pass;
Swaying from left to right, in combat clenched,
Till all the housings of their steeds were drenched
With brutal gore: and ugly blood-drops oozed
Upon the rocks, from head and hands contused.
But at the close, when Gualbert stopped to rest,
His heel was planted on his foeman's breast;
And looking up, the fallen courtier sees,
As in a dream, gray rocks and waving trees
Before his glazing vision faintly float,
While Gualbert's saber glitters at his throat.

"Now die, base wretch!" the victor fiercely cries,
His heart of hate outflashing from his eyes:
"Never again, by the all-righteous Lord!
Shalt thou with life escape this trusty sword,—
Revenge is sweet!" And upward glanced the steel.
But ere it fell,—dear Lord! a silvery peal
Of voices chanting in the town below,
Grave, ghostly voices, chanting far below,
Rose, like a fountain's spray from spires of snow,
And chimed and chimed to die in echoes slow.

In the sweet silence following the sound,
Gualberto and the man upon the ground
Glared at each other with bewildered eyes
(The glare of hunted deer or leashèd hound);
And then the vanquished, struggling to arise,

Made one last effort, while his face grew dark
With pleading agony : "Gualberto ! hark !
The chant — the hour — thou know'st the olden fashion,—
The monks below intone our Lord's dear Passion,
Oh ! by this cross ! " — and here he caught the hilt
Of Gualbert's sword, — "and by the Blood once spilt
Upon it for us both long years ago,
Forgive — forget — and spare a fallen foe ! "

The face that bent above grew white and set
(Christ or the demon ? — in the balance hung) :
The lips were drawn, — the brow bedewed with sweat,—
But on the grass the harmless sword was flung :
And stooping down, the hero, generous wrung
The outstretched hand. Then, lest he lose control
Of the but half-tamed passions of his soul,
Fled up the pathway, tearing casque and coat
To ease the tempest throbbing at his throat ;
Fled up the crags, as if a fiend pursued,
And paused not till he reached a chapel rude.

There, in the cool dim stillness, on his knees,
Trembling, he flings himself, and, startled, sees
Set in the rock a crucifix antique,
From which the wounded Christ bends down to speak,
"*Thou hast done well, Gualberto. For my sake*
Thou didst forgive thine enemy ; now take
My gracious pardon for thy times of sin,
And from this day a better life begin."

White flashed the angels' wings above his head,
Rare, subtile perfumes through the place were shed ;
And golden harps and sweetest voices poured
Their glorious hosannas to the Lord,

Who in that hour, and in that chapel quaint,
Changed by His power, by His dear love's constraint,
Gualbert the sinner into John the saint.

LEGEND OF THE ORGAN BUILDER

Abridged

JULIA C. R. DORR

Day by day the organ builder in his lonely chamber wrought,
Day by day the soft air trembled to the music of his thought,
Till at last the work was ended, and no organ voice so grand
Ever yet had soared responsive to the master's magic hand.
Aye! so rarely was it builded, that whenever groom and bride,
Who in God's sight were well pleasing, in the church stood side by side,
Without touch or breath, the organ of itself began to play,
And the very airs of heaven through the soft gloom seemed to stray.

All the maidens heard the story; all the maidens blushed and smiled;
By his youth and wondrous beauty, and his great renown beguiled.
So he sought and won the fairest, and the wedding day was set; —
Happy day! — the brightest jewel in the glad year's coronet!

But, when they the portal entered, he forgot his lovely bride,
Forgot his love, forgot his God, and his heart swelled high with pride.

"Ah!" thought he, "how great a master am I! when the organ plays,
How the vast cathedral arches will reëcho with my praise!"
All was silent! Nothing heard he, save the priest's low monotone,
And the bride's robe trailing softly o'er the floor of fretted stone.
Then his lips grew white with anger; surely, God was pleased with him,
Who had built the wondrous organ for his temple vast and dim;
Whose the fault then? hers — the maiden standing meekly at his side.
Flamed his jealous rage, maintaining she was false to him — his bride.
Vain were all her protestations, vain her innocence and truth,
On that very night he left her, to her anguish and her ruth.

* * * * * * *

Far he wandered, to a country wherein no man knew his name;
For ten weary years he dwelt there, nursing still his wrath and shame;
Then, his haughty heart grew softer, and he thought, by night and day,
Of the bride he had deserted, till he hardly dared to pray,

Till his yearning grief and penitence at last were all complete,
And he longed with bitter longing just to fall down at her feet.

* * * * * * *

Ah! how throbbed his heart, when, after many a weary day and night,
Rose his native towers before him, in the sunset glow alight;
Through the gates into the city, on he pressed with eager tread;
There he met a long procession — mourners following the dead.
"Now, why weep ye so, good people, and whom bury ye to-day?
Why do yonder sorrowing maidens scatter flowers along the way?
Has some saint gone up to heaven?" — "Yes," they answered, weeping sore,
"For the organ-builder's saintly wife our eyes shall see no more!
And because her days were given to the service of God's poor,
From His church we mean to bury her. See yonder is the door."
No one knew him, no one wondered, when he cried out white with pain;
No one questioned, when with pallid lips he poured his tears like rain.
"'Tis some one whom she has comforted who mourns with us," they said,
As he made his way unchallenged and bore the coffin's head;

Bore it through the open portal, bore it up the echoing aisle,
Set it down before the altar, where the lights burned clear the while; —
When, oh, hark! the wondrous organ of itself began to play
Strains of rare unearthly sweetness never heard until that day;
And ere yet the strain was ended, he, who bore the coffin's head,
With the smile of one forgiven, gently sank beside it — dead!
They who raised the body knew him, and they laid him by his bride;
Down the aisle, and o'er the threshold they were carried side by side;
While the organ played a dirge that no man ever heard before,
And then softly sank to silence — silence kept forevermore!

THE FATHER'S CURSE

Le Roi S'Amuse, Abridged

Victor Hugo

M. St. Villier (an aged nobleman, from whom King Francis I. decoyed his daughter, the famous beauty, Diana of Poitiers). A king should listen when his subjects speak:
'Tis true your mandate led me to the block,
Where pardon came upon me, like a dream;
I blessed you then, unconscious as I was

That a king's mercy, sharper far than death,
To save a father doomed his child to shame;
To save her father's life a knight she sought,
Like Bayard, fearless and without reproach.
She found a heartless king, who sold the boon,
Making cold bargain for his child's dishonor.
My blood was thine, and justly, tho' it springs
Amongst the best and noblest names of France;
But to pretend to spare these poor gray locks,
And yet to trample on a weeping woman,
Was basely done; the father was thine own,
But not the daughter! — thou hast overpassed
The right of monarchs! — yet 'tis mercy deemed,
And I perchance am called ungrateful still.
Oh, hadst thou come within my dungeon walls,
I would have sued upon my knees for death,
But mercy for my child, my name, my race,
Which, once polluted, is my race no more.
Rather than insult, death to them and me.
I come not now to ask her back from thee;
Keep her! Yet still, amidst thy festivals,
Until some father's, brother's, husband's hand
('Twill come to pass!) shall rid us of thy yoke,
My pallid face shall ever haunt thee there,
To tell thee, Francis, it was foully done! . . .

Triboulet (*the Court Jester, sneering*). The poor man raves.

St. Villier. Accursed be ye both!
O Sire! 'tis wrong upon the dying lion
To loose thy dog! (*Turns to Triboulet.*)
And thou, whoe'er thou art,
That with a fiendish sneer and viper's tongue
Makest my tears a pastime and a sport,

My curse upon thee! — Sire, thy brow doth bear
The gems of France! — on mine, old age doth sit;
Thine decked with jewels, mine with these gray
hairs;
We both are kings, yet wear a different crown;
And should some impious hand upon thy head
Heap wrongs and insult, with thine own strong arm
Thou canst avenge them! *God avenges mine!*

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE

Abridged

W. E. Aytoun

[Lord Douglas, who is voyaging, as he had promised, to bury the heart of Robert Bruce in the Holy Land, has a vision telling him that the heart must lie in Scotland: —

"It shall pass beneath the cross, and save King Robert's vow,
But other hands shall bear it back, not James of Douglas, thou."

Entering a port of Spain, they find the king preparing to do battle with the Moors, and the Scotsmen go to his assistance. The king says: —]

"Now, is't for bond or faith you come,
Or yet for golden fee!
Or to bring France's lilies here,
Or the flower of Burgundie?"

"God grant thee well, thou gallant king,
Thee and thy belted peers,
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
And these are Scottish spears.

"We bring our great King Robert's heart
Across the weltering wave,

To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour's grave."

The king has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne,
"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!

"I know thy name full well, Lord James;
And honored may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!"

The trumpets blew, the crossbolts flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,
As spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long, fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried,
"Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of St. Clair is down;
We may not leave him here!"

"Now Jésu help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true St. Clair!

An' if I may not bring thee off,
  I'll die beside thee there!"

Then in his stirrups up he stood,
  So lionlike and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
  All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him far ahead,
  And never spake he more
But: "Pass thou first, thou dauntless heart,
  As thou wert wont of yore!"

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
  And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
  And swept away the Moor.

"Now praised be God, the day is won!
  They fly o'er flood and fell;
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
  Good knight that fought so well?"

"Oh, ride ye on, lord king!" he said,
  "And leave the dead to me,
For I must keep the dreariest watch
  That ever I shall dree!

"There lies above his master's heart
  The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe is me I should be here,
  Not side by side with him!

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,
  And thin my lyart hair,

And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretched before me there."

The king he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!"

We bore the good Lord James away,
And the priceless heart we bore,
And heavily we steered our ship
Toward the Scottish shore.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose;
And woeful men were we that day, —
God grant their souls repose!

ZENOBIA TO HER PEOPLE

William Ware

I am charged with pride and ambition; the charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Let the ambition be but a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess, I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra but of the East. That I am; I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra?

I am applauded by you all for what I have already done; you would not that it should have been less. But why pause here? Is so much ambition praiseworthy? and more, criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine on the other? were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise and the power that can win?

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, nor ask nor fear the answer. Whom have I wronged? What province have I oppressed? What city pillaged? What region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or estates coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I trenched upon? I dwell where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces that I reign not more over you, than within you. The foundation of my throne is not more power than love.

This is no vain boasting, — receive it not so, good friends, — it is but truth. He who traduces himself, sins with him who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself or less than just, breaks a law as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure and will bear it. But I have spoken that you may know your queen, not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you, then, that I am ambitious, that I crave dominion, and while I live will reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat,—I love it. But I strive too,—you can bear me witness that I do,—that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

Sheridan Knowles

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,—
To show they still are free! Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome home again.—
O sacred forms, how fair, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!

Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling, near its brow,
O'er the abyss. His broad expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,

By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up! Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet wheeled he, heeding not
The death that threatened him! I could not shoot!
'Twas liberty! I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away.

THE EMPEROR'S RETURN

Les Burgraves

VICTOR HUGO

The EMPEROR FREDERICK BARBAROSSA, *believed to be dead, appears as a beggar among the Rhenish nobility at a castle, and suddenly reveals himself.*

Hatto. This goodly masque but lacked a fool!
First gypsy; next a beggar; — good! Thy name?
Barbarossa. Frederick of Swabia, Emperor of Almain.
All. The Red Beard?
Barbarossa. Aye, Frederick, by my mountain birthright Prince
O' th' Romans, chosen king, crowned emperor,
Heaven's sword bearer, monarch of Burgundy
And Arles — the tomb of Karl I dared profane,
But have repented me on bended knees
In penance 'midst the desert twenty years;
My drink the rain, the rocky herbs my food,
Myself a ghost the shepherds fled before,
And the world named me as among the dead.
But I have heard my country call — come forth,
Lifted the shroud — broken the sepulcher.
This hour is one when dead men needs must rise.

Ye own me? Ye mind me marching through these vales
When golden spur was ringing at my heel?
Now know me what I am, your master, earls!
Brave knights you deem! You say, "The sons we are
Of puissant barons and great noblemen,
Whose honors we prolong." You *do* prolong them?
Your sires were soldiers brave, not prowlers base,
Rogues, miscreants, felons, village-ravagers!
They made great wars, they rode like heroes forth,
And, worthy, won broad lands and towers and towns,
So firmly won that thirty years of strife
Made of their followers dukes, their leaders kings!
While you! like jackal and the bird of prey,
Who lurk in copses or 'mid muddy beds, —
Crouched and hushed, with dagger ready drawn,
Hide in the noisome marsh that skirts the way,
Trembling lest passing hounds snuff out your lair!
Listen at eventide on lonesome path
For traveler's footfall, or the mule-bell's chime,
Pouncing by hundreds on one helpless man,
To cut him down, then back to your retreats —
You dare to vaunt your sires? I call your sires,
Bravest of brave and greatest 'mid the great,
A line of warriors! you, a pack of thieves!

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

Robert Browning

Morning, evening, noon, and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he labored, long and well:
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son,

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise him that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone;
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway:
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;

And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew;
The man put off the stripling's hue;

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay;

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear:

"So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed:

And in his cell, when death drew near
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here: I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak: it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped!

"Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ:
Resume the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home:
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

FROM THE GRAVEYARD SCENE

Hamlet, Act v

SHAKESPEARE

[*Enter two clowns (laborers) with spades and pickax, to dig the grave of Ophelia.*]

1st *Clown.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that willfully seeks her own salvation?

2d *Clown.* I tell thee, she is: therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1st *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

2d *Clown.* Why, 'tis found so.

1st *Clown.* It must be *se offendendo;* it can not be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act has three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2d *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1st *Clown.* Give me leave (*laying down his spade*), here lies the water; good (*setting up his pickax*), here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2d Clown. But is this law?

1st Clown. Aye, marry is't; crowner's quest law.

2d Clown. Will you have the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she would have been buried out of Christian burial.

1st Clown. Why, there thou sayest: and the more the pity, that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2d Clown. Was he a gentleman?

1st Clown. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2d Clown. Why, he had none.

1st Clown. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scriptures? The Scripture says Adam digged; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself —

2d Clown. Go to.

1st Clown. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2d Clown. The gallows maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1st Clown. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; Argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again: come.

2d Clown. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1st Clown. Aye, tell me that, and unyoke.

2d Clown. Marry, now I can tell.

1st Clown. To't.

2d Clown. Mass, I can not tell.

1st Clown. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say, a *grave maker;* the houses that *he* makes, last till *doomsday.* Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

Exit 2d Clown. [*If given as a dialogue the first Clown should follow him out with action as if urging the other to hasten.*]

COLUMBUS

Chauncey M. Depew

God always has in training some commanding genius for the control of great crises in the affairs of nations and peoples. The number of these leaders is less than the centuries, but their lives are the history of human progress. Though Cæsar and Charlemagne, and Hildebrand, and Luther, and William the Conqueror, and Oliver Cromwell, and all the epoch makers prepared Europe for the event, and contributed to the result, the lights which illumine our firmament to-day are Columbus the discoverer, Washington the founder, and Lincoln the savior.

It was a happy omen of the position which woman was to hold in America that the only person who comprehended the majestic scope of his plans, and the invincible quality of his genius, was the able and gracious queen of Castile. Isabella alone of all the dignitaries of that age shares with Columbus the honors of his great achievement. She arrayed her kingdom and her private fortune behind the enthusiasm of this mystic mariner, and posterity pays homage to her wisdom and faith.

The overthrow of the Mahometan power in Spain would have been a forgotten scene in one of the innumerable acts in the grand drama of history had not Isabella conferred immortality upon herself, her husband and their dual crown, by her recognition of Columbus. The devout spirit of the queen and the high purpose of the explorer inspired the voyage, subdued the mutinous crew, and prevailed over the raging storms. They covered with divine radiance of religion and humanity the degrading search for gold and the horrors of its quest, which filled the first century of conquest with every form of lust and greed.

The mighty soul of the great admiral was undaunted by the ingratitude of princes and the hostility of the people, by imprisonment and neglect. He died as he was securing the means and preparing a campaign for the rescue of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem from the infidel. He did not know what time has revealed, that, while the mission of the crusades of Godfrey of Bouillon and Richard of the Lion Heart was a bloody and fruitless romance, the discovery of America was the salvation of the world. The one was the symbol, the other the spirit; the one death, the other life. The tomb of the Savior was a narrow and empty vault, precious only for its memories of the supreme tragedy of the centuries; but the new continent was to be the home and temple of the living God.

All hail, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero, and apostle! We here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monuments, and innumerable millions, past, present, and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and their happiness the fruits of his faith, will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame.

THE DEATH OF MARMION

Scott

With that, straight up the hill there rode
  Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
  A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken band;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand;
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone;
Can that be haughty Marmion?

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
Redeem my pennon! charge again!
Cry; 'Marmion to the rescue!' Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!

Yet my last thought is England's — fly,
To Dacre bear my signet ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring, —
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost. —
Must I bid twice? hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone — to die."

They parted, and alone he lay.
Clare drew her from the sight away.
Till pain rung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured, "Is there none,
Of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring,
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst?"

Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears:
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound.
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.

  Ever, he said, that, close and near,
  A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear;
  For that she ever sung,
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
  So the notes rung:

"Avoid thee, Fiend! with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
  O think on faith and bliss!
By many a deathbed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
  But never aught like this."

The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
  And STANLEY! was the cry; —
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
  And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
  And shouted "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

Girt round with rugged mountains the fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected shine back the starry skies;

And watching each white cloudlet float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there; and Silence, enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleeping town;
For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance, a thousand years and more.
Mountain, and lake, and valley, a sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night, three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred, a Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted so silently and fast
Seemed to bear farther from her the memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones, their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle to pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder on which side Bregenz lay.
And so she dwelt; the valley more peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up and down in talk.

One day, out in the meadow, with strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching a strange, uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees that stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled, then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted, the board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker, ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror (yet pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz; once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her? Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk, the days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains, reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her (though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz, and then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step
she sped;
Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger, that fed from out her
hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head toward her native
land.

Out — out into the darkness — faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is
passed;
She looks up; the clouds are heavy: why is her steed so
slow? —
Scarcely the wind beside them can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "oh, faster!" Eleven the church
bells chime;
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz, and bring me there in
time!"
But louder than bells ringing, or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror, she leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness; the bank is high and
steep;
One pause — he staggers forward, and plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the darkness, and looser throws the
rein;
Her steed must breast the waters that dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles through the foam,
And see — in the far distance, shine out the lights of
home!

Up the steep bank he bears her, and now they rush again
Toward the heights of Bregenz, that tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz, just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier to meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army that marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor the noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished, and yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises, to do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving the Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long, and calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud, and then, (O crown of fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies he calls the maiden's name.

GALILEO

Edward Everett

There is much in every way in the city of Florence to excite the curiosity, kindle the imagination, and gratify the taste; but among all its fascinations, addressed to the sense, the memory, and the heart, there was none to which I more frequently gave a meditative hour during a year's residence, than to the spot where Galileo Galilei sleeps beneath the marble floor of Santa Croce; no building on which I gazed with greater reverence than I did upon that modest mansion at Arceti: villa once, and prison, in which that venerable sage, by the command of the Inquisition, passed the sad, closing years of his life.

Of all the wonders of ancient and modern art, statues and paintings, jewels and manuscripts, the admiration and delight of ages, there is nothing I beheld with more affectionate awe than that poor little spyglass, through which the human eye first pierced the clouds of visual error, which from the creation of the world had involved the system of the universe.

There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when, first raising the newly constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon.

It was such another moment as that when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art; like that, when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492, beheld the shores of San Salvador; like that, when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; like that, when Franklin saw, by the stiffening fibers of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp; like that, when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.

* * * * * * *

Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right, "It does move." Bigots may make thee recant it, but it moves, nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward, to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.

Close, now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye; it has seen what man never before saw; it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spyglass; it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse have, comparatively, done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when, from two hundred observatories in Europe and America, the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies; but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten.

Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens — like him scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted! — in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor.

BALLAD OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

Austin Dobson

King Philip had vaunted his claims;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us;
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us;

Like the thieves of the sea he would track us;
And shatter our ships on the main;
But we had bold Neptune to back us, —
And where are the galleons of Spain?

His carracks were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us;
With his saints and his gilded stern frames,
He had thought like an eggshell to crack us;
Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus, —
For where are the galleons of Spain?

Let his Majesty hang to Saint James
The ax that he whetted to hack us;
He must play at some lustier games
Or at sea he can hope to outthwack us;
To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain;
Alas! that his Greatness should lack us! —
But where are the galleons of Spain?

ENVOY

Gloriana! the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain;
He must reach us before he can rack us, . . .
And where are the galleons of Spain?

THE BATTLE OF IVRY

Abridged

T. B. Macaulay

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!
Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy Name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king has come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously, he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the king!"
"And if my standard bearer fall, — as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray, —
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
"Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now, — upon them with the lance!"
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest,
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter — the Flemish count is slain:

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, then, — "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go."
Oh, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep and rend your hair for those who never shall return!
Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy Name, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX"

Robert Browning

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate.
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

THE BONNETS OF BONNIE DUNDEE

Scott

To the lords of convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
"Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be
broke;
So let each cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the Westport, and let us gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The gude toun is well quit of that deil of Dundee!"

As he rode doun the sanctified bends of the Bow
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;

But the young plants of grace they looked cowthie and slee,
Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee!

With sour-featured whigs the grass market was thranged
As if half the west had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each ee,
As they watched for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free
At the toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And with the fair Gordon he gallantly spoke:
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes, —
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

"There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the north;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three
Will cry 'Hoigh!' for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

"There's brass on the target of barkened bullhide,
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks;
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me."

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettledrums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea
Died away the wild war notes of bonnie Dundee.

THE CURSE OF HUNGARY

John Hay

King Saloman looked from his donjon bars,
  Where the Danube clamors through sedge and sand,
  And he cursed with a curse his revolting land, —
With a king's deep curse of treason and wars.

He said: "May this false land know no truth!
  May the good hearts die and the bad ones flourish,
  And a greed of glory but live to nourish
Envy and hate in its restless youth.

"In the barren soil may the plowshare rust,
  While the sword grows bright with its fatal labor,
  And blackens between each man and neighbor
The perilous cloud of a vague distrust!

"Be the noble idle, the peasant in thrall,
  And each to the other as unknown things,
  That with links of hatred and pride the kings
May forge firm fetters through each for all!

"May a king wrong them as they wrong their king!
May he wring their hearts as they wrung mine,
Till they pour their blood for his revels like wine,
And to women and monks their birthright fling!"

The mad king died; but the rushing river
Still brawls by the spot where his donjon stands,
And its swift waves sigh to the conscious sands
That the curse of King Saloman works forever.

For flowing by Pressbourg they heard the cheers
Ring out from the leal and cheated hearts
That were caught and chained by Theresa's arts, —
A man's cool head and a girl's hot tears!

And a star, scarce risen, they saw decline,
Where Orsova's hills looked coldly down,
As Kossuth buried the Iron Crown
And fled in the dark to the Turkish line.

And latest they saw in the summer glare
The Magyar nobles in pomp arrayed,
To shout as they saw, with his unfleshed blade,
A Hapsburg beating the harmless air.

But ever the same sad play they saw,
The same weak worship of sword and crown,
The noble crushing the humble down,
And molding Wrong to a monstrous Law.

The donjon stands by the turbid river,
But time is crumbling its battered towers;
And the slow light withers a despot's powers,
And a mad king's curse is not forever!

THE EXILE OF THE ACADIANS

Arranged from *Evangeline*

Longfellow

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among
them.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons
sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a
drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without,
in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung
on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the
forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching
proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant
clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and
casement, —
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the
soldiers.

Then uprose their commandér, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion, and wildly he shouted, —
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were the words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father. forgive them!"

BARCLAY OF URY

Whittier

[Barclay of Ury was one of the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends, or Quakers, in Scotland; he was an old and distinguished soldier, and had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany.]

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;

Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and froward;
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side,
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us!

Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though He slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marveled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end,"
Quoth the Laird of Ury;

"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

"Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads, to meet me.

"When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving:
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His Love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;

Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial;
Every age on him, who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;

Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
  Paint the golden morrow!

THE CAPTAIN

A Legend of the Navy

TENNYSON

He that only rules by terror
  Doeth grievous wrong.
Deep as Hell I count his error,
  Let him hear my song.
Brave the Captain was: the seamen
  Made a gallant crew,
Gallant sons of English freemen,
  Sailors bold and true.
But they hated his oppression,
  Stern he was and rash;
So for every light transgression
  Doom'd them to the lash.
Day by day more harsh and cruel
  Seem'd the Captain's mood.
Secret wrath like smother'd fuel
  Burnt in each man's blood.
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,
  Hoped to make the name
Of his vessel great in story,
  Wheresoe'er he came.
So they past by capes and islands,
  Many a harbor mouth,
Sailing under palmy highlands
  Far within the South.

On a day when they were going
  O'er the lone expanse,
In the North, her canvas flowing,
  Rose a ship of France.
Then the Captain's color heighten'd,
  Joyful came his speech:
But a cloudy gladness lighten'd
  In the eyes of each.
"Chase," he said: the ship flew forward,
  And the wind did blow;
Stately, lightly, went she Norward,
  Till she near'd the foe.
Then they look'd at him they hated,
  Had what they desired:
Mute with folded arms they waited —
  Not a gun was fired.
But they heard the foeman's thunder
  Roaring out their doom;
All the air was torn in sunder,
  Crashing went the boom,
Spars were splinter'd, decks were shatter'd,
  Bullets fell like rain;
Over mast and deck were scatter'd
  Blood and brains of men.
Spars were splinter'd: decks were broken:
  Every mother's son —
Down they dropt — no word was spoken —
  Each beside his gun.
On the decks as they were lying,
  Were their faces grim.
In their blood, as they lay dying,
  Did they smile on him.
Those, in whom he had reliance

For his noble name,
With one smile of still defiance
Sold him unto shame.
Shame and wrath his heart confounded,
Pale he turn'd and red,
Till himself was deadly wounded
Falling on the dead.
Dismal error! fearful slaughter!
Years have wander'd by,
Side by side beneath the water
Crew and Captain lie;
There the sunlit ocean tosses
O'er them moldering,
And the lonely sea bird crosses
With one waft of the wing.

THE BALLAD OF THE "LAUGHING SALLY"

From the *Century Magazine*, by permission of the publishers

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

A wind blew up from Pernambuco
(Yeo, heave ho! the *Laughing Sally!*
Hi yeo, heave away!) —
A wind blew out of the east-sou'-east
And boomed at the break of day.

The *Laughing Sally* sped for her life,
And a speedy craft was she.
The black flag flew at her top to tell
How she took toll of the sea.

The wind blew up from Pernambuco,
  And in the breast of the blast
Came the king's black ship, like a hound let slip
  On the trail of the *Sally* at last.

For a day and a night, a night and a day,
  Over the blue, blue round,
Went on the chase of the pirate quarry,
  The hunt of the tireless hound.

"Land on the port bow!" came the cry;
  And the *Sally* raced for shore
Till she reached the bar at the river mouth
  Where the shallow breakers roar.

She passed the bar by a secret channel,
  With clear tide under her keel;
For he knew the shoals like an open book —
  The captain at the wheel.

She passed the bar, she sped like a ghost
  Till her sails were hid from view
By the tall, liana'd, unsunned boughs
  O'erbrooding the dark bayou.

At moonrise up to the river mouth
  Came the king's black ship of war;
The Red Cross flapped in wrath at her peak,
  But she could not cross the bar.

And while she lay in the run of the seas,
  By the grimmest whim of chance
Out of a bay to the north came forth
  Two battle ships of France.

On the English ship the twain bore down
Like wolves that range by night;
And the breakers' roar was heard no more
In the thunder of the fight.

The crash of the broadsides rolled and stormed
To the *Sally*, hid from view
Under the tall, liana'd boughs
Of the moonless, dark bayou.

Her boats ran out for news of the fight,
And this was the word they brought:
"The king's ship fights the ships of France,
As the king's ships all have fought!"

Then muttered the mate, "I'm a man of Devon!"
And the captain thundered then:
"There's English rope that bides for our necks,
But we all be Englishmen!"

The *Sally* glided out of the gloom
And down the moon-white river;
She stole like a gray shark over the bar
Where the long surf seethes forever.

She hove to under a high French hull,
And the Red Cross rose to her peak.
The French were looking for fight that night,
And they had not far to seek.

Blood and fire on the streaming decks,
And fire and blood below;
The heat of hell, and the reek of hell,
And the dead men laid arow!

And when the stars paled out of heaven
  And the red dawn rays uprushed,
The oaths of battle, the crash of timbers,
  The roar of the guns, were hushed.

With one foe beaten under his bow,
  The other afar in flight,
The English captain turned to look
  For his fellow in the fight.

The English captain turned and stared;
  For where the *Sally* had been
Was a single spar upthrust from the sea
  With the Red Cross flag serene.

* * * * * *

A wind blew up from Pernambuco
(Yeo, heave ho! the *Laughing Sally!*
  Hi yeo, heave away!)
And boomed for the doom of the *Laughing Sally*,
  Gone down at the break of day!

THE WRECKER OF PRIEST'S COVE

Graham R. Tomson.

One yellow rushlight glimmered dim among the shadows deep,
Where the dying man lay gaunt and grim, and his watcher drowsed to sleep.
"Black is the night, and the light burns bright to guide the good ships in;
There is work, may be, on the rocks for me, and a purse of gold to win.

"Now why does he cling so fast, so fast, to the shore rocks
sharp and black?
Aye has the sea befriended me, and the sea shall have
him back.
And what should a dead man do with gold, that he grips
his belt so tight?
'Twas all for me through the beating sea he made yon
lusty fight.

"Oh, the ribbed rooftree hangs over me, and not the
open sky;
Gone are the rocks and the heavy belt, and a doting fool
am I.
Now curses on this cankering pain that will not let me free,
That keeps me back from the worn cliff track and the
harvest of the sea!

"Go, get ye to the windowpane, and tell me what ye see;
Is there ever a ship across the bar where the merry
breakers be?
Look out, look out across the bay, look out again once
more;
Is it burning bright, our bonny light that brings the ships
inshore?"

She's ta'en her to the windowpane, and looked across the
bay:
"Oh, the night is chill, and the waves are still, and the
wild fowl boding day."
"Look out, look out across the bay, and tell me what ye
see;
A clay cold weight is on my breast, and the death thraw
grapples me."

She's ta'en her to the windowpane to look across the bay,
And thrice her lips gaped wide to speak, but nothing could
she say.
A black cloud filled the windowpane and wrapped the
house around,
And out of the gloom came a hollow din like a great ship
gone aground.

And out of the gloom came a hollow din of a great ship
drawing near,
With laboring ropes, and creaking blocks, and shipmen
calling clear.
Slow strained the masts, and the timbers groaned, like a
ship in her agony;
The chamber was full of the sound of surf and the clash
of a breaking sea.

"Are ye come for me from the foul black sea? Win back,
ye carrion crew!
Back to the hell where I bade you dwell, for never I'll
sail with you!"
But the deathgasp rattled in his throat as he reared him
in the bed;
The room was still as the corpse fell back, and the murky
cloud had sped.

It was a great ship crossed the bar, with all sail set went
she;
'Gainst tide and wind with the shore behind that ship put
out to sea.

AN APPEAL TO ARMS

Patrick Henry

Mr. President: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty?

Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house?

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, — the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other.

They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne; and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, — we must fight! — I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

LIBERTY OR DEATH

[Continuation of the preceding]

Patrick Henry

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of Liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, — and let it come! — I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war has actually begun!

The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that the gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING

Thomas Buchanan Read

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
  The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
  The answering tread of hurrying feet;

While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;

And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
  The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
  And some esteemed of gentle blood.
  In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
  In that republic of the dead.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
  Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
  He led into the house of prayer.
The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might, —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
  And grasping in his nervous hand
  The imaginary battle brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause, —
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
  The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours.
His temples are our forts and towers,
  That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door —
  The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
  Its long, reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
  The great bell swung as ne'er before.

It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
  Was "War! war! war!"

"Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
  As striding from the desk he came —
  "Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

SPEECH ON THE AMERICAN WAR

Lord Chatham

I can not, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery can not save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors.

Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence.

The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us; supplied with every military store, their interest consulted and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy! — and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an impossibility.*

You can not, my lords, *you can not conquer America.* What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be forever vain and impotent — doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — *never, never, never!*

But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgrace and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the *tomahawk* and *scalping knife* of the savage? — to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods? — to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and Nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country!

My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much upon your attention, but I can not repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such horrible barbarity. "Which God and Nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and Nature that noble lord may entertain I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.

What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife! — to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; — upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character.

THE SOUTH DURING THE REVOLUTION

Hayne

If there be one state in the Union, Mr. President (and I say it not in a boastful spirit), that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, — no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, — though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, — the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never were there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution. The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black, smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitation of her children! Driven from their homes, into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived; and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS

WEBSTER

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions, — Americans, all, — whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears, — does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it is in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven; if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South; and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, — may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution: hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth — unnatural to such soils — of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts: she needs none. There she is, — behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history, — the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, — and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraints, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, — it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall, at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, on the very spot of its origin!

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

E. P. Whipple

This illustrious man, at once the world's admiration and enigma, we are taught by a fine instinct to venerate, and by a wrong opinion to misjudge. The might of his character has taken strong hold upon the feelings of great masses of men, but in translating this universal sentiment into an intelligent form, the intellectual element of his wonderful nature is as much depressed as the moral element is exalted, and consequently we are apt to misunderstand both. Mediocrity has a bad trick of idealizing itself in eulogizing him, and drags him down to its own low level while assuming to lift him to the skies.

He had no genius, it seems. Oh, no! genius, we must suppose, is the peculiar and shining attribute of some orator, whose tongue can spout patriotic speeches, or some versifier, whose muse can "Hail Columbia," but not of the man who supported states on his arm, and carried America in his brain. The madcap Charles Townsend, the motion of whose pyrotechnic mind was like the whiz of a hundred rockets, is a man of genius; but George Washington, raised up above the level of even eminent statesmen, and with a nature moving with the still and orderly celerity of a planet round its sun, — he dwindles, in comparison, into a kind of angelic dunce!

What is genius? Is it worth anything? Is splendid folly the measure of its inspiration? Is wisdom its base and summit, — that which it recedes from, or tends toward? And by what definition do you award the name to the creator of an epic, and deny it to the creator of a country? On what principle is it to be lavished on him who sculptures in perishing marble the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up in himself a transcendent character, indestructible as the obligations of Duty, and beautiful as her rewards?

WASHINGTON'S FOREIGN POLICY

William McKinley

At no point in his administration does Washington appear in grander proportions than when he enunciates his ideas in regard to the foreign policy of the government: "Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct. Can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence."

To-day, nearly a century from Washington's death, we turn reverentially to study the leading principles of that comprehensive chart for the guidance of the people. It was his unflinching, immovable devotion to these perceptions of duty which more than anything else made him what he was, and contributed so directly to make us what we are. Following the precepts of Washington, we can not err. The wise lessons in government which he left us it will be profitable to heed. He seems to have grasped all possible conditions and pointed the way safely to meet them. He has established danger signals all along the pathway of the nation's march. He has warned us against false lights. He has taught us the true philosophy of "a perfect union," and shown us the dangers from sensationalism and wild and unreasonable party spirit.

He has emphasized the necessity at all times for the exercise of sober and dispassionate judgment. Such a judgment, my fellow-citizens, is the best safeguard in calm and tranquil events, and rises superior and triumphant above the storms of woe and peril.

We have every incentive to cherish the memory and teachings of Washington. His wisdom and foresight have been confirmed and vindicated after more than a century of experience. His best eulogy is the work he wrought, his highest tribute is the great Republic which he and his compatriots founded. From four million we have grown to more than seventy million of people, while our progress in industry, learning, and the arts has been the wonder of the world. What the future will be depends upon ourselves, and that that future will bring still greater blessings to a free people I can not doubt. With education and morality in their homes, loyalty to the underlying principles of free government in their hearts, and law and justice fostered and exemplified by those intrusted with public administration, we shall continue to enjoy the respect of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God. The priceless opportunity is ours to demonstrate anew the enduring triumph of American civilization and to help in the progress and prosperity of the land we love.

FROM THE FAREWELL ADDRESS

Washington

Friends and Fellow-Citizens: In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though, in usefulness, unequal to my zeal.

If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that, under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead; amidst appearances sometimes dubious; vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging; in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, — the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected.

Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to the grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free Constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

OUR RELATIONS WITH EUROPE

From the *Farewell Address*, 1796

WASHINGTON

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

THE BENEDICTION

From the French of François Coppée

It was in eighteen hundred — yes — and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
"'Tis the priests' doing!" was the word passed round;
So that, although since daybreak under arms, —
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge ends, — piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel hat and long black cloak were seen
Flying in the distance. . . . All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,

A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it — black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished,
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing, we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners. . . . The church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was deserted. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. . . .
"Shoot him!" our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest, beyond all doubt,
Heard; but as though he heard not, turning round,
He faced us, with the elevated host,
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us,
"*Vos benedicat*
Deus Omnipotens!"
The captain's order
Rang out again, and sharply, "Shoot him down!"
. . . Then one of ours, a dastard,
Leveled his gun, and fired. Upstanding still,

The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Set upwards, and indomitably stern.
"*Pater et Filius!*"
Came the words. What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.

The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up; and, strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
"*Et Sanctus Spiritus!*"
He said; and, ending
His service, fell down dead.

THE EMBARGO

JOSIAH QUINCY

[A measure of retaliation against Great Britain, preceding the War of 1812.]

I ask in what page of the Constitution you find the power of laying an embargo. Directly given, it is nowhere. Never before did society witness a total prohibition of all intercourse like this, in a commercial nation. But it has been asked in debate, "Will not Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty, submit to such privations?" An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our liberty was not so much a mountain nymph as a sea nymph. She was free as air. She could swim, or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. But an embargo liberty, a handcuffed liberty,

liberty in fetters, a liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster! Its parentage is all inland.

Is embargo independence? Deceive not yourselves! It is palpable submission! Gentlemen exclaim, "Great Britain smites us on one cheek!" And what does administration? "It turns the other, also." Gentlemen say, "Great Britain is a robber; she takes our cloak." And what says administration? "Let her take our coat also." France and Great Britain require you to relinquish a part of your commerce, and you yield it entirely! At every corner of this great city we meet some gentlemen of the majority wringing their hands, and exclaiming: "What shall we do? Nothing but an embargo will save us. Remove it, and what shall we do?"

It is not for me, a humble and uninfluential individual, at an awful distance from the predominant influences, to suggest plans of government. But, to my eye, the path of our duty is as distinct as the Milky Way; all studded with living sapphires, glowing with cumulating light. It is the path of active preparation, of dignified energy. It is the path of 1776! It consists not in abandoning our rights, but in supporting them, as they exist, and where they exist; on the ocean, as well as on the land.

But I shall be told, "This may lead to war." I ask, "Are we now at peace?" Certainly not, unless retiring from insult be peace; unless shrinking under the lash be peace. The surest way to *prevent* war is not to *fear* it. The idea that nothing on earth is so dreadful as war is inculcated too studiously among us. Disgrace is worse! Abandonment of essential rights is worse!

THE FIGHT OF THE "ARMSTRONG" PRIVATEER

A true story of the War of 1812

From the *Century Magazine*, by permission of the publishers

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

Tell the story to your sons
  Of the gallant days of yore
When the brig of seven guns
  Fought the fleet of seven score
From the set of sun till morn, through the long September
    night —
Ninety men against two thousand, and the ninety won the
    fight —
  In the harbor of Fayal the Azore.

Three lofty British ships came a-sailing to Fayal:
One was a line of battle ship, and two were frigates tall;
Nelson's valiant men of war, brave as Britons ever are,
Manned the guns they served so well at Abóukir and
    Trafalgar.
At the setting of the sun and the ebbing of the tide
Came the great ships one by one, with their portals opened
    wide,
And their cannon frowning down on the castle and the town
And the privateer that lay close inside;
Came the eighteen-gun *Carnation* and the *Rota*, forty-four,
And the triple-decked *Plantagenet* an admiral's pennon
    bore;
And the privateer grew smaller as their topmasts towered
    taller,
And she bent her springs and anchored by the castle on
    the shore.

Spake the noble Portuguese to the stranger: "Have no fear;
They are neutral waters these, and your ship is sacred here
As if fifty stout armadas stood to shelter you from harm,
For the honor of the Briton will defend you from his arm."
But the privateersmen said: "Well we know the Englishmen,
And their faith is written red in the Dartmoor slaughter-pen.
Come what fortune God may send, we will fight them to the end,
And the mercy of the sharks may spare us then."

"Seize the pirate where she lies!" cried the English admiral:
"If the Portuguese protect her, all the worse for Portugal!"
And four launches at his bidding leaped impatient for the fray,
Speeding shoreward where the *Armstrong* grim and dark and ready lay.
Twice she hailed and gave them warning; but the feeble menace scorning,
On they came in splendid silence, till a cable's length away —
Then the Yankee pivot spoke; Pico's thousand echoes woke,
And four baffled, beaten launches drifted helpless on the bay.

Then the wrath of Lloyd arose till the lion roared again,
And he called out all his launches and he called five hundred men;

And he gave the word, "No quarter!" and he sent them forth to smite.
Heaven help the foe before him when the Briton comes in might!
Heaven helped the little *Armstrong* in her hour of bitter need;
God Almighty nerved the heart and guided well the arm of Reid.

Launches to port and starboard, launches forward and aft,
Fourteen launches together striking the little craft.
They hacked at the boarding nettings, they swarmed above the rail;
But the Long Tom roared from his pivot and the grape-shot fell like hail:
Pike and pistol and cutlass, and hearts that knew not fear,
Bulwarks of brawn and mettle, guarded the privateer.
And ever where fight was fiercest the form of Reid was seen;
Ever where foes drew nearest, his quick sword fell between.
Once in the deadly strife
The boarders' leader pressed
Forward of all the rest,
Challenging life for life;
But ere their blades had crossed,
A dying sailor tossed
His pistol to Reid, and cried,
"Now riddle the lubber's hide!"
But the privateersman laughed and flung the weapon aside,
And he drove his blade to the hilt, and the foeman gasped and died.

Then the boarders took to their launches laden with hurt
and dead,
But little with glory burdened, and out of the battle fled.

Now the tide was at flood again, and the night was almost
done,
When the sloop of war came up with her odds of two to
one,
And she opened fire; but the *Armstrong* answered her gun
for gun,
And the gay *Carnation* wilted in half an hour of sun.

Then the *Armstrong*, looking seaward, saw the mighty
seventy-four,
With her triple tier of cannon, drawing slowly to the shore.
And the dauntless captain said: "Take our wounded and
our dead,
Bear them tenderly to land, for the *Armstrong's* days are
o'er;
But no foe shall tread her deck and no flag above it wave —
To the ship that saved our honor we will give a shipman's
grave."
So they did as he commanded, and they bore their mates
to land,
With the figurehead of Armstrong and the good sword in
his hand.
Then they turned the Long Tom downward, and they
pierced her oaken side,
And they cheered her, and they blessed her, and they
sunk her in the tide.

Tell the story to your sons,
When the haughty stranger boasts

Of his mighty ships and guns
  And the muster of his hosts,
How the word of God was witnessed in the gallant days
    of yore
When the twenty fled from one ere the rising of the sun,
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore!

OLD IRONSIDES

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
  And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
  And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
  Or know the conquered knee:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
  The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
  Should sink beneath the wave!
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
  And there should be her grave:

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

THE VILLAGE PREACHER

From the *Deserted Village*

GOLDSMITH

Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, or wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away, —
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service passed, around the pious man
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

WATERLOO

BYRON

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then

Her Beauty and her Chivalry: and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music rose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell; —
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; — 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —
But hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is! — it is! — the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;

And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come, they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard — and heard, too, have her Saxon foes: —
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears.

And Ardennes waves about them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving — if aught inanimate e'er grieves —
Over the unreturning brave — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife;
The morn, the marshaling in arms; the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunderclouds close o'er it, which, when rent,

The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover — heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent!

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

Byron

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar;
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these, our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take

Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, — what are they?
Thy waters wasted them when they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

EXHORTATION TO THE GREEKS

BYRON

Approach, thou craven, crouching slave!
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free —
Pronounce what sea, what shore, is this.
The gulf, the rock, of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear;
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame;
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

SYMPATHY WITH THE GREEKS

HENRY CLAY

And has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece, — that we dare not articulate our destestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we unite in an humble petition, addressed to their majesties, beseeching them, that of their gracious condescension, they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies.

How shall it run? "We, the representatives of the FREE people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency," — I cannot go through the disgusting recital! My lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave!

Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high Heaven; at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils?

If the great body of Christendom can look on calmly and coolly whilst all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let us at least evince that one of its remote extremities is susceptible of sensibility to Christian wrongs, and capable of sympathy for Christian sufferings; that in this remote quarter of the world there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes, that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

Sir, an attempt has been made to alarm the committee by the dangers to our commerce in the Mediterranean;

and a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities and to eradicate our humanity. Ah! sir, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade, and lose its liberties?

MARCO BOZZARIS

Fitz-Greene Halleck

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring—
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king!
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke—
That bright dream was his last.
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die, midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band—

"Strike — till the last armed foe expires!
Strike — for your altars and your fires!
Strike — for the green graves of your sires!
God — and your native land!"

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rung their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's —
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

THE SEPTEMBER GALE

Oliver Wendell Holmes

I'm not a chicken; I have seen
Full many a chill September,
And though I was a youngster then,
That gale I well remember;

The day before, my kite string snapped,
And I, my kite pursuing,
The wind whisked off my palm leaf hat ; —
For me two storms were brewing !

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
When married folks get clashing ;
There was a heavy sigh or two,
Before the fire was flashing, —
A little stir among the clouds,
Before they rent asunder, —
A little rocking of the trees,
And then came on the thunder.

Lord ! how the ponds and rivers boiled,
And how the shingles rattled !
And oaks were scattered on the ground,
As if the Titans battled ;
And all above was in a howl,
And all below a clatter, —
The earth was like a frying pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing day,
And all our things were drying :
The storm came roaring through the lines,
And set them all a-flying ;
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches ;
I lost, ah ! bitterly I wept, —
I lost my Sunday breeches !

I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas ! too late to win them ;

I saw them chase the clouds, as if
The devil had been in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches, —
"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried, —
"My breeches! O my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams,
How changed from what I knew them!
The dews had steeped their faded threads,
The winds had whistled through them!
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
Where demon claws had torn them;
A hole was in their amplest part,
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever,
But those young pantaloons have gone
Forever and forever!
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long-lost breeches!

LIBERTY AND INTELLIGENCE

JOHN C. CALHOUN

Society can no more exist without government, in one form or another, than man without society. It is the political, then, which includes the social, that is his natural state. It is the one for which his Creator formed him, into which he is impelled irresistibly, and in which only his race can exist, and all his faculties be fully developed. Such being the case, it follows that any, the worst form of government, is better than anarchy; and that individual liberty or freedom must be subordinate to whatever power may be necessary to protect society against anarchy within or destruction from without; for the safety and well-being of society are as paramount to individual liberty, as the safety and well-being of the race is to that of individuals; and, in the same proportion, the power necessary for the safety of society is paramount to individual liberty. On the contrary, government has no right to control individual liberty beyond what is necessary to the safety and well-being of society. Such is the boundary which separates the power of government and the liberty of the citizen or subject, in the political state, which, as I have shown, is the natural state of man, — the only one in which his race can exist, and the one in which he is born, lives, and dies.

It follows, from all this, that the quantum of power on the part of the government, and of liberty on that of individuals, instead of being equal in all cases, must necessarily be very unequal among different people according to their different conditions. For, just in proportion as a people are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger without, the power necessary for government to possess, in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction, becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty less and less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of the government, and individual liberty extinct. So, on the contrary, just as a people rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue, and patriotism, and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of government, the ends for which it was ordered, and how it ought to be administered, and the less the tendency to violence and disorder within and danger from abroad, the power necessary for government becomes less and less, and individual liberty greater and greater. Instead, then, of all men having the same right to liberty and equality, as is claimed by those who hold that they are all born free and equal, liberty is the noble and highest reward bestowed on mental and moral development, combined with favorable circumstances. Instead, then, of liberty and equality being born with man, — instead of all men and all classes and descriptions being equally entitled to them, — they are high prizes to be won; and are, in their most perfect state, not only the highest reward that can be bestowed on our race, but the most difficult to be won, and, when won, the most difficult to be preserved.

THE LAST LEAF

Oliver Wendell Holmes

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door;
        And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
        With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
        Cut him down,

Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
    Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
    Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
    "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
    In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
    On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady! she is dead
    Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
    In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
    Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
    In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
    At him here,

But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, — and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

A CURTAIN LECTURE OF MRS. CAUDLE

Douglas Jerrold

Bah! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas.— What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. — Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella. — Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the window?

Nonsense: you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it! — Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me! he return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella!

There: do you hear it? Worse and worse. Cats and dogs, and for six weeks: always six weeks; and no umbrella! I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather; I am determined. No; they shall stop at home, and never learn anything, the blessed creatures! sooner than go and get wet! And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing; who, indeed, but their father! People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella: Oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow: you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; no, sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I'll go all the more.

No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours! A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen pence, at least: sixteen pence! two and eight pence; for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property, and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas!

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, DO you hear it? But I don't care; I'll go to mother's to-morrow — I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. — Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold — it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for all you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes I get, too, traipsing through weather like this! My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. — I needn't wear 'em then! Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir; I am not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once: better, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh, that rain! if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

Ugh! I look forward with dread to to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's, I am sure I can't tell, but if I die, I'll do it. — No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella: no; and you shan't buy one. (*With great emphasis.*) Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella I'll throw it into the street.

Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you! Oh, it's all very well for you; you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

Men, indeed! Call themselves lords of the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me, but that's what you want: then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. — Oh, don't tell me! I know you will: else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

The children, dear things! they'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure. — But they shall go to school. Don't tell me they needn't: you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel; they shall go to school! mark that: and if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault; I didn't lend the umbrella.

"Here," says Caudle, in his manuscript, "I fell asleep, and dreamed that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs: that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella!"

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA

Abridged

Whittier

Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array;
Who is losing? Who is winning? Are they far? Or come they near?
Look abroad and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear?

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing! Men are dying! — God have mercy on their souls!"
Who is losing? Who is winning? "Over hill and over plain,

I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels!
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels!

"Jesu pity! How it thickens! Now retreat, and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders! horse and foot together fall:
Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them plows the Northern ball!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting! Blessed Mother! save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain!
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding! now they fall, and strive to rise.
Hasten, sisters, haste! and save them! lest they die before our eyes!

* * * * * * *

"Oh, my heart's love! Oh, my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee!
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? Canst thou see?

Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! Oh, my Bernal! look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er."

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena! lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one! the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
But as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt!

With a stifled cry of horror, straight she turned away her head!
With a sad and bitter feeling, looked she back upon her dead!
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again!

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand, and faintly smiled;
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?

All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;
With a kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy! who led thee forth
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother weeping lonely in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours!
Upward through its blood and ashes spring afresh the Eden flowers!
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer!
And still thy white-winged angels hover daily in our air!

THE COURTIN'

James Russell Lowell

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
  An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
  'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
  An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
  Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
  Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
  Looked warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full as rosy agin
  Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,
  A raspin' on the scraper, —
All ways to once her feelin's flew
  Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
  Some doubtfle o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
  But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
  Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work
  Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
  "Wal, no; I come designin' —"
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
  Agin' to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
  Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
  He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin;"
  Sez she, "Think likely, *Mister;*"
The last word pricked him like a pin,
  An' — wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
  Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips
  An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
  Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they wuz cried
  In meetin', come nex' Sunday.

LIBERTY AND UNION

Reply to Hayne

Daniel Webster

Mr. President: I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate, with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments.

I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing, once more, my deep conviction, that since it respects nothing less than the Union of the states, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity.

It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union might be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured — bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterward" — but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, — dear to every true American heart, — LIBERTY *and* UNION *now and forever*, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

WENDELL PHILLIPS

[The negro patriot eulogized in this oration and in the following sonnet, after freeing his country was, in violation of the treaty of peace, seized and conveyed to France, where he died of starvation in a dungeon.]

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts, — you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army — out of what? Englishmen, — the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen, — the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen, — their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro, — rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons, — anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Haiti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

Wordsworth

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the all-cheering sun be free to shed
His beams around thee, or thou rest thy head
Pillowed in some dark dungeon's noisome den.
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee: air, earth, and skies.
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

OLD FEZZIWIG'S BALL

Charles Dickens

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo ho, there, Ebenezer! Dick! Yo ho, my boys! No more work to-night. Christmas eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug and warm and dry and bright a ballroom as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomachaches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend the milkman. In they all came one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old

Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter especially provided for that purpose.

There were more dances, then there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many, — four times, — old Fezziwig would have been a match for them and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance, — advance and retire, turn your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread the needle, and back again to your place, — Fezziwig "cut," — cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs.

When the clock struck eleven this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds which were under a counter in the back shop.

MR. WINKLE ON SKATES

From the *Pickwick Papers*

CHARLES DICKENS

"Now," said Wardle, "what say you to an hour on the ice? You skate, of course, Winkle?"

"Ye — yes; oh, yes;" replied Mr. Winkle. "I — am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more, downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty, large sheet of ice; where Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight; and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies: which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates; a'n't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's an orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile, "I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home, that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thankee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There — that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank: —

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian; and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every line of his countenance.

Mr. Pickwick beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it, in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words: —

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

OUR REPUBLIC

Everett

We are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theater on which it is to be performed. At a moment of deep and general agitation in the Old World, it pleased Heaven to open this new continent, as a last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant prospects; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society; to settle, and that forever, the momentous question, whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system of government?

One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good, of all places and times, are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood, of old, who spake and wrote, who labored, fought, and perished, in the one great cause of freedom and truth, are now hanging, from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity. As I have wandered over the spots once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages, from the sepulchers of the nations which died before the sight.

They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity; by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith which has been plighted by pure hands to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison house, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations; they *conjure* us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; and

Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His days are marching on.

I have read a fiery Gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel :
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal ;
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat ;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

DE QUINCY'S DEED

Homer Greene

Red on the morn's rim rose the sun ;
Bright on the field's breast lay the dew ;
Soft fell the light on saber and gun
Grasped by the brave and true.
Death to many, and fame to the one
Came ere the day was through.

"Straight to the hilltop ! Who's there first,
We or the foe, shall win this day."
So spake De Quincy. Then, like a burst
Of splendor, he led the way ;
He and his white steed both athirst
For the mad sport of the fray.

"Charge !" What a wild leap ! One bright mass
Whirls, like a storm cloud, up the hill ;
Hoofs in a fierce beat bruise the grass,
Clang of the steel rings shrill ;
Eyes of the men flash fire as they pass,
Hearts in the hot race thrill.

See! From an open cottage lane
Sallies a child, where the meadow dips ;
Only a babe, with the last refrain

Of the mother's song on its lips;
Straight in the path of the charging train,
Fearless, the little one trips.

Under the iron hoofs! Whose the fault?
Killed? It is naught if the day be won.
On! to the — "Halt!" How he thunders it! "Halt!"
What has De Quincy done?
Checked in a moment the quick assault,
Struck back saber and gun.

"Back!" till the horses stand pawing the air,
Throwing their riders from stirrup to mane;
Down from his saddle he bends, to where
The little one fronts the train;
Lifts her with care, till her golden hair
Falls on his cheek like rain.

Bears her from harm as he would his child,
Kisses and leaves her, with vanquished fears,
Thunders his "Forward!" and sees the wild
Surge of his troops through tears.
The fight? Did they win it? Aye! victory smiled
On him and his men for years.

UNITED IN DEATH

Anonymous

There was no fierceness in the eyes of those men now, as they sat face to face on the bank of the stream; the strife and the anger had all gone now, and they sat still, — dying men, who but a few hours before had been deadly foes, — sat still, and looked at each other. At last one of them spoke, "We haven't either of us a chance to hold out much longer, I judge." "No," said the other, with a little mixture of sadness and recklessness, "you did that last job of yours well, as that bears witness," and he pointed to a wound a little above the heart, from which the lifeblood was slowly oozing. "Not better than you did yours," answered the other, with a grim smile, and he pointed to a wound a little higher up, larger and more ragged, — a deadly wound.

Then the two men gazed upon each other again in the dim light; for the moon had come over the hills now, and stood among the stars like a pearl of great price. And as they looked, a soft feeling stole over the heart of each toward his fallen foe, — a feeling of pity for the strong, manly life laid low, a feeling of regret for the inexorable necessity of war, which made each man the slayer of the other; and at last one spoke, "There are some folks in the world that'll feel worse when you are gone out of it."

A spasm of pain was on the bronzed, ghastly features. "Yes," said the man, in husky tones, "there's one woman with a boy and girl, away up among the New Hampshire mountains, that it will well-nigh kill to hear of this;" and he groaned out in bitter anguish, "O God, have pity on my wife and children!" The other drew closer to him: "And away down among the cotton fields of Georgia, there's a woman and a little girl whose hearts will break when they hear what this day has done;" and then the cry wrung itself sharply out of his heart, "O God, have pity upon them!" From that moment the Northerner and the Southerner ceased to be foes. The thought of those distant homes on which the anguish was to fall drew them closer together in that last hour, and the two men wept like little children.

At last the Northerner spoke, talking more to himself than to any one else, and he did not know that the other was listening greedily to every word: "She used to come, — my little girl, bless her heart! — every night to meet me when I came home from the fields; and she would stand under the great plum tree that's just beyond the back door at home, with the sunlight making yellow brown in her golden curls, and the laugh dancing in her eyes when she heard the click of the gate, — I see her now, — and I'd take her in my arms, and she'd put up her little red lips for a kiss; but my little darling will never watch under the old plum tree by the well for her father again. I shall never hear the cry of joy as she catches a glimpse of me at the gate. I shall never see her little feet running over the grass to spring into my arms again!"

"Then," said the Southerner, "there's a little brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, that used to watch in the cool afternoons for her father, when he rode in from his visit to the plantations. I can see her sweet little face shining out now, from the roses that covered the pillars, and hear her shouts of joy as I bounded from my horse, and chased the little flying feet up and down the veranda again."

The Northerner drew near to the Southerner, and spoke now in a husky whisper, for the eyes of the dying men were glazing fast: "We have fought here, like men, together. We are going before God in a little while. Let us forgive each other." The Southerner tried to speak, but the sound died away in a murmur from his white lips; but he took the hand of his fallen foe, and his stiffening fingers closed over it, and his last look was a smile of forgiveness and peace.

When the next morning's sun walked up the gray stairs of the dawn, it looked down and saw the two foes lying dead, with their hands clasped, by the stream which ran close to the battlefield; and the little girl with golden hair, that watched under the plum tree, among the hills of New Hampshire, and the little girl with bright brown hair, that waited by the roses, among the green fields of Georgia, were fatherless.

DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY

Abraham Lincoln

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation — or any nation so conceived and so dedicated — can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

DECORATION DAY

Abridged

W. BOURKE COCHRAN

The character of a nation is often known by its festivals. The character of the festival we celebrate to-day is the most unique in the history of the world. We celebrate in all its entirety the sublime epoch when fidelity to the republic triumphed over the dangers that comprised the Civil War, and we emerged from the conflict radiant with the light of liberty established and indestructible American institutions with the undying vigor of American patriotism. The conflict in which we engaged was not made by the generation in which we live. It was a legacy handed down by the fathers of the republic after the foreign invader had been driven out.

But the Union soldier was great in peace as well as in war. His was not merely a triumph of arms; it was a triumph of heart and mind, for the Union soldier won the love of the foe that he vanquished. To-day, throughout the length and breadth of the country, there is a love for the flag of the Union. To-day the Union stands not defended by armed force or by frowning fortresses. Its foundations are laid in the hearts of our citizens, South as well as North, and it will be durable and eternal because of that foundation. But although the vigor of the Union soldier in taking up arms was creditable to him, he also deserves credit for the manner in which he laid down his arms. Never before did a victorious army so lay down its arms at the behest of civil rulers without the slightest disturbance throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The lesson which this day teaches above all others is that no matter what difficulties may arise, the patriotism of this republic will be able to surmount them. No matter what dangers may threaten our institutions, there is always to be in reserve the American patriotism sufficient to solve every question and surmount every difficulty. The victory of the Union soldiers proved the capacity and the power of this patriotism which underlies American citizenship. No sooner had the smoke lifted from Southern battlefields; no sooner had the rivers that had run red with blood once more resumed their course clear and pellucid to the sea, and the South was seen humbled, than the men of the North turned with charity and brotherly love to the aid of the men with whom they had fought. The victory which was achieved for the Union was thus made a permanent one for the union of these states.

The lesson of the Union was not ended in 1865. The mission of the Union soldier did not close with the war. It continues to-day as a patriotism which is the best security of the government. We are reminded of the survivors as we turn to-day from the graves of the brave men who were the heroes of the war.

On the Capitol at Washington, surmounting the great dome where Congress is in session, there may be seen a bright light high above all else on the building. And as you recede from the place, and the turrets and fluted columns of the edifice disappear in the darkness, the light at the top seems to be higher and higher, and finally seems to blend with the horizon until finally only this light marks the temple of freedom of our beloved government. And, as we celebrate this Decoration Day, looking back on the martyrs of the Civil War, their deeds shall be to us the brilliant light which shall grow ever brighter and brighter, and illumine the pathway of the republic to liberty, prosperity, and happiness.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

F. M. Finch

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
  The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
  Alike for the friend and the foe : —
    Under the sod and the dew,
      Waiting the judgment day ;
    Under the roses, the Blue,
      Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
  The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
  On the blossoms blooming for all : —
    Under the sod and the dew,
      Waiting the judgment day ;
    Broidered with gold, the Blue,
      Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
  On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
  The cooling drip of the rain : —
    Under the sod and the dew,
      Waiting the judgment day ;
    Wet with the rain, the Blue,
      Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
  The generous deed was done ;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
  No braver battle was won: —
    Under the sod and the dew,
      Waiting the judgment day ;

Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

March 4, 1865

Condensed

Fellow-countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. At the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came. One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern there any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so, still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

O CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN !

On the death of Lincoln

WALT WHITMAN

O Captain, my Captain ! our fearful trip is done ;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won ;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring ;
But, O heart, heart, heart ! O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies, fallen cold and dead.

O Captain, my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding ;

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;
Here, Captain, dear father! this arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck, you've fallen cold and
dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My Captain does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage is closed
and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells! but I with mournful
tread
Walk the deck where my Captain lies, fallen cold and dead.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From London *Punch*

Tom Taylor

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please?

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way was plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain, —

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
  The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
  Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
  To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind, of princes peer,
  This rail splitter, a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
  Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home truth seem more true;
  How, ironlike, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
  How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
  Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work, such work as few
  Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
  Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
  That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
  His warfare with rude nature's thwarting mights:

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
  The iron bark that turns the lumberer's ax,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
  The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks;

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long, suffering years,
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood,
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accursed! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
  Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
  With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

Emilio Castelar

The Puritans are the patriarchs of liberty; they opened a new world on the earth; they opened a new path for the human conscience; they created a new society. Yet, when England tried to subdue them and they conquered, the Republic triumphed and slavery remained. Washington could emancipate only his own slaves. Franklin said that the Virginians could not invoke the name of God, retaining slavery. Jay said that all the prayers America sent up to heaven for the preservation of liberty while slavery continued were mere blasphemies. Mason mourned over the payment his descendants must make for this great crime of their fathers. Jefferson traced the line where the black wave of slavery should be stayed.

Nevertheless, slavery increased continually. I beg that you will pause a moment to consider the man who cleansed this terrible stain which obscured the stars of the American banner. I beg that you will pause a moment, for his immortal name has been invoked for the perpetuation of slavery. Ah! the past century has not, the century to come will not have, a figure so grand, because as evil disappears so disappears heroism also.

I have often contemplated and described his life. Born in a cabin of Kentucky, of parents who could hardly read; born a new Moses in the solitude of the desert, where are forged all great and obstinate thoughts, monotonous like the desert, and, like the desert, sublime; growing up among those primeval forests, which, with their fragrance, send a cloud of incense, and, with their murmurs, a cloud of prayers to heaven; a boatman at eight years in the impetuous current of the Ohio, and at seventeen in the vast and tranquil waters of the Mississippi; later, a woodman, with ax and arm felling the immemorial trees, to open a way to unexplored regions for his tribe of wandering workers; reading no other book than the Bible, the book of great sorrows and great hopes, dictated often by prophets to the sound of fetters they dragged through Nineveh and Babylon; a child of Nature, in a word, by one of those miracles only comprehensible among free peoples, he fought for the country, and was raised by his fellow-citizens to the Congress at Washington, and by the nation to the presidency of the Republic; and when the evil grew more virulent, when those states were dissolved, when the slaveholders uttered their war cry and the slaves their groans of despair — the wood cutter, the boatman, the son of the great West, the descendant of Quakers, humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history, ascends the Capitol, the greatest moral height of our time, and strong and serene with his conscience and his thought; before him a veteran army, hostile Europe behind him, England favoring the South, France encouraging reaction in Mexico, in his hands the riven country; he arms two millions of men, gathers a half million of horses, sends his artillery twelve hundred miles in a week, from the banks of the Potomac to the shores of Tennessee; fights more than six hundred battles; renews before Richmond the deeds of Alexander, of Cæsar; and, after having emancipated three million slaves, that nothing might be wanting, he dies in the very moment of victory — like Christ, like Socrates, like all redeemers, at the foot of his work. His work! Sublime achievement! over which humanity shall eternally shed its tears, and God his benedictions!

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

Arthur Hugh Clough

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
  The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
  And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
  It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
  And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
  Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
  Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
  When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
  But westward, look, the land is bright.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

TENNYSON

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going; let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride, in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand woes of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

W. S. Gilbert

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

And he shook his fists, and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
  Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
  How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
  And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
  And the crew of the captain's gig."

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
  That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
  Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned
  (There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy*'s men
  Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
  And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite
  And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
  Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
  The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy*'s mate,
  And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
  We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig,
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines of me,' says Tom;
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.'
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can — and will — cook *you!*'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shallot
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
''Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth —
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And — as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

"And I never grieve, and I never smile,
And I never larf nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have — which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

CAUGHT IN THE QUICKSAND

Victor Hugo

It sometimes happens that a man, traveler or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide, far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick in it; it is sand no longer; it is glue.

The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil; all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little crowd of sand flies continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels, somehow, as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings; now he looks at his feet. They have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws them out of the sand; he will retrace his steps. He turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles; he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left — the sand half-leg deep. He throws himself to the right; the sand comes up to his knees. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the terrible medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one, lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is already too late. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief; the sand gains on him more and more. He feels that he is being swallowed up. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs.

Behold him waist deep in the sand. The sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath; sobs frenziedly; the sand rises; the sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it — silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them — night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves, and shakes, disappears. Sinister effacement of a man!

NATIONAL MORALITY

Beecher

The crisis has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves, probably, the amazing question is to be decided: whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved or thrown away; whether our Sabbaths shall be a delight or a loathing; whether the taverns, on that holy day, shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God with humble worshipers; whether riot and profaneness shall fill our streets, and poverty our dwellings, and convicts our jails, and violence our land; or whether industry and temperance and righteousness shall be the stability of our times; whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves.

Be not deceived. Our rocks and hills will remain till the last conflagration. But let the Sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God be abandoned, the government and religious instruction of children be neglected, and the streams of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no longer surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defense. The hand that overturns our laws and temples is the hand of death, unbarring the gate of pandemonium, and letting loose upon our land the crimes and miseries of hell.

If the Most High should stand aloof, and cast not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it would seem to be full of superlative woe. But he will not stand aloof. As we shall have begun an open controversy with him, he will contend openly with us. And never, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations to fall into the hands of the living God.

The day of vengeance is at hand. The day of judgment has come. The great earthquake which sinks Babylon is shaking the nations, and the waves of the mighty commotion are dashing upon every shore. Is this, then, a time to remove the foundations, when the earth itself is shaken? Is this a time to forfeit the protection of God, when the hearts of men are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are to come upon the earth? Is this a time to run upon his neck and the thick bosses of his buckler, when the nations are drinking blood, and fainting, and passing away in his wrath?

Is this a time to throw away the shield of faith, when his arrows are drunk with the blood of the slain? to cut from the anchor of hope, when the clouds are collecting, and the sea and the waves are roaring, and thunders are uttering their voices, and lightnings blazing in the heavens, and the great hail is falling from heaven upon men, and every mountain, sea, and island, is fleeing in dismay from the face of an incensed God?

THE MUSIC GRINDERS

O. W. Holmes

There are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse,

And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains;
A fellow jumps from out a bush,
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine,—
Some filthy creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little, lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread,—
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window seat,
Beneath a cloudless moon;

You hear a sound, that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum ;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home" should seem to be
A very dismal place ;
Your "auld acquaintance" all at once
Is altered in the face ;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be, — it is, — it is, —
A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,

And pay the owner of the bear,
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw;

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat!

NATURE A HARD CREDITOR

Thomas Carlyle

Nature admits no lie. Most men profess to be aware of this, but few in any measure lay it to heart. Except in the departments of mere material manipulation, it seems to be taken practically as if this grand truth were merely a polite flourish of rhetoric. Nature keeps silently a most exact savings bank and official register, correct to the most evanescent item, debtor and creditor, in respect to one and all of us; silently marks down, creditor by such and such an unseen act of veracity and heroism; debtor to such a loud, blustery blunder, twenty-seven million strong or one unit strong, and to all acts and words and thoughts executed in consequence of that, — debtor, debtor, debtor, day after day, rigorously as fate (for this is fate that is writing); and at the end of the account you will have it all to pay, my friend; — there is the rub! Not the infinitesimalest fraction of a farthing but will be found marked there, for you and against you; and with the due rate of interest you will have to pay it, neatly, completely, as sure as you are alive. You will have to pay it even in money, if you live: and, poor slave, do you think there is no payment but in money? There is a payment which nature rigorously exacts of men, and also of nations, — and this I think when her wrath is sternest, — in the shape of dooming you to possess money: — to possess it; to have your bloated vanities fostered into monstrosity by it; your foul passions blown into explosion by it; your heart, and, perhaps, your very stomach, ruined with intoxication by it; your poor life, and all its manful activities, stunned into frenzy and comatose sleep by it; — in one word, as the old prophets said, your soul forever lost by it: your soul, so that through the eternities you shall have no soul, or manful trace of ever having had a soul; but only, for certain fleeting moments, shall have had a money bag, and have given soul and heart, and (frightfuler still) stomach itself, in fatal exchange for the same. You wretched mortal, stumbling about in a God's temple, and thinking it a brutal cookery shop! Nature, when her scorn of a slave is divinest, and blazes like the blinding lightning against his slavehood, often enough flings him a bag of money, silently saying: "That! Away; thy doom is that!"

ENGLAND'S TRUE GREATNESS

John Bright

I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of government.

The most ancient of profane historians has told us that the Scythians of his time were a very warlike people, and that they elevated an old scimeter upon a platform as a symbol of Mars. To this scimeter they offered more costly sacrifices than to all the rest of their gods. I often ask myself whether we are at all advanced in one respect beyond the Scythians. What are our contributions to charity, to education, to morality, to religion, to justice, and to civil government, when compared with the wealth we expend in sacrifices to the old scimeter?

We are assured, however, that Rome pursued a policy similar to ours for a period of eight centuries, and that for those eight centuries she remained great. But what is Rome now? The great city is dead. A poet has described her as "the lone mother of dead empires." Her language even is dead. Her very tombs are empty; the ashes of her most illustrious citizens are dispersed. "The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now." Yet, I am asked, I who am one of the legislators of a Christian country, to measure my policy by the policy of ancient and pagan Rome! May I ask you to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens. If nations reject and deride that moral law, there is a penalty that will inevitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in our lifetime, but rely upon it, the great Italian is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says: "The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite, nor doth it linger." We have experience, we have beacons, we have landmarks enough. It is true, we have not, as an ancient people had, Urim and Thummim, those oracular gems on Aaron's breast, from which to take counsel, but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us, and only so far as we walk by that guidance can we be permanently a great nation, or our people a happy people.

HOW I EDITED AN AGRICULTURAL PAPER

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S. C. Clemens (Mark Twain)

I did not take the temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object.

On the way to the office, the morning after we went to press, I found people standing here and there in the street, watching me with interest. I heard a man say, "Look at his eye!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt.

Presently an old gentleman entered. He seemed to have something on his mind. He set his hat on the floor, and got out a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper.

He put the paper on his lap, and, while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said, "Are you the new editor?" I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," I said, "this is my first attempt."

"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture practically?"

"No, I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said he. "I wish to read you what made me have that instinct. It was this editorial: —

"'Turnips should never be pulled, it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.'

"Now what do you think of that?"

"Think of it? Why, I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that every year millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree —"

"Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!"

"Oh, they don't, don't they? Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative. Anybody that knows anything will know that I meant that the boy should shake the vine."

Then the old man got up and tore his paper into shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I didn't know so much as a cow; and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something.

Pretty soon, a long, cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders, and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted in and halted motionless, with finger on lip, and head and body bent in listening attitude. Then he turned the key in the door, and came tiptoeing toward me till he was within long reaching distance, when he stopped, and after scanning my face with interest, drew a copy of our paper from his bosom, and said: —

"There, you wrote that. Read it to me, quick! Relieve me; I suffer."

I read as follows; and as the sentences fell from my lips I could see the drawn muscles relax, and the anxiety go out of the face, and rest and peace steal over the features like moonlight over a desolate landscape: —

"'The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June or later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

"'It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his cornstalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.

"'Concerning the pumpkin. — This berry is a favorite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit cake, and who, likewise, give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin as a shade tree is a failure.'"

The excited listener sprang toward me, and said: —

"There, there, that will do! I know I am all right now, because you have read it just as I did. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning I said to myself, 'I never believed it before; but now I believe I *am* crazy.' I read one of those paragraphs over again, so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people, and have got one fellow up a tree, where I can get him if I want him. But I thought I would call in here as I passed along, and make the thing perfectly certain. Good-by, sir, good-by; you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can ever unseat it now. *Good*-by, sir."

I felt a little uncomfortable about the cripplings and arsons this person had been entertaining himself with, but these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in.

He surveyed the wreck, and said: "This is a sad business — a very sad business. There is the mucilage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spittoon and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured, permanently, I fear. True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition or soared to such celebrity; but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of the mind? Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the molting season for cows; and you recommend the domestication of the polecat, on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter. Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them, was entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams *always* lie quiet. Heavens and earth! if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life, you could not have graduated with higher honor than you have to-day. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday — I could not enjoy it if I had it. It makes me lose all patience to think of your discussing oyster beds under the head of 'Landscape Gardening.' I want you to go. Oh, why didn't you tell me you didn't understand agriculture."

"Tell you, you cornstalk, you cabbage? It's the first time I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. Sir, I have been through the newspaper business from Alpha to Omaha, and I tell you that the less a man knows, the bigger the noise he makes and the higher the salary he commands. Heaven knows if I had been ignorant instead of cultivated, and impudent instead of diffident, I could have made a name for myself in this cold, selfish world. But I have done my duty. I said I could run your circulation up to twenty thousand copies, and if I had two more weeks I'd have done it. And I'd have given you the best class of readers that ever an agricultural paper had — not a farmer in it, nor a solitary individual who could tell a watermelon tree from a peach vine to save his life. You are the loser by this rupture, not me, — Pie-plant! Adios."

I then left.

EMPIRE AND LIBERTY

W. E. Gladstone

Gentlemen: The Prime Minister [Lord Beaconsfield], in a recent address, made what I think one of the most unhappy and ominous allusions ever made by a minister of this country. He quoted certain words easily rendered as "Empire and Liberty" — words (he said) of a Roman statesman, words descriptive of the state of Rome, and he quoted them as words which were capable of legitimate application to the position and circumstances of England. I join issue with the Prime Minister upon that subject, and I affirm that nothing can be more fundamentally unsound, more practically ruinous, than the establishment of Roman analogies for the guidance of British policy.

What, gentlemen, was Rome? Rome was indeed an imperial state; you may tell me — I know not, I cannot read the counsels of Providence, — a state having a mission to subdue the world, but a state whose very basis it was to deny the equal rights, to proscribe the independent existence of other nations.

No doubt the word "Empire" was qualified with the word "Liberty." But what did the two words "Liberty" and "Empire" mean in the Roman mouth? They meant simply this: "Liberty for ourselves, Empire over the rest of mankind."

Gentlemen, it is but in a pale and weak and almost despicable miniature that such ideas are now set up, but you will observe that the poison lies in the principle and not the scale. It is the opposite principle which I call upon you to vindicate when the day of our election comes. I mean the sound and sacred principle that Christendom is formed of a band of nations who are united to each other in the bonds of right; that they are without distinction of great and small; there is absolute equality between them, — the same sacredness defends the narrow limits of Belgium as attaches to the extended frontiers of Russia, or Germany, or France.

I hold that he who by act or word brings that principle into peril or disparagement, however honest his intentions may be, places himself in the position of one inflicting injury upon his own country, and endangering the peace and all the most fundamental interests of Christian society.

ON THE OTHER TRAIN

A Clock's Story

"There, Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until the 1.05 A.M."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your confounded stupid carelessness."

"She —"

"*She!* You fool! What else could you expect of her! Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey — got a pass up the road to the poorhouse. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mince-meat of you!" and our worthy ticket agent shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming forward to a queer looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised the faded black veil, and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1.05."

"Very well, sir; I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently. "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9.50 train going east came due; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare, indeed, that any one takes the night express, and almost always after ten o'clock the depot becomes silent and empty.

The ticket agent put on his greatcoat, and, bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than that functionary stretched himself out upon the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously.

Then it was I witnessed such a sight as I never had before and never expect to again.

The fire had gone down — it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor pinched face.

"I can't believe it," she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. "Oh! I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, 'Ise love you, mamma,' and now, O God! they've turned against me. Where am I going? To the poorhouse! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!"

And sinking upon her knees, she sobbed out in prayer:

"O God! spare me this and take me home! O God, spare me this disgrace; spare me!"

The wind rose higher and swept through the crevices, icy cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt. I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his blanket more closely about him.

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained, burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when some one entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say: —

"'Tis train time, ma'am. Come!"

A look of joy came over her face.

"I am ready," she whispered.

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old book, which he took, and from it read aloud: —

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?"

The light died away, and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start and snatched his lantern. The whistle sounded down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

"Wake up, marm; 'tis train time."

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white set face, and, dropping his lantern, fled.

The up train halted, the conductor shouted "All aboard," but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict "apoplexy," and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So, after the second day, they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the occurrence of that night, I know she went out on the other train, that never stopped at the poorhouse.

EARLY RISING

JOHN G. SAXE

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
  So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:
And bless him also that he didn't keep
  His great discovery to himself; nor try
To make it — as the lucky fellow might —
A close monopoly by patent right.

Yes — bless the man who first invented sleep
  (I really can't avoid the iteration);
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
  Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advertising,
That artificial cut-off — Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
  Observes some solemn sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
  But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray, just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

"The time for honest folks to be abed"
  Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
  Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery; or else — he drinks.

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
  It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
But then he said it — lying — in his bed,
  At ten o'clock A.M., — the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake, —
  Awake to duty, and awake to truth, —
But when, alas! a nice review we take
  Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
  For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
  To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin.

So, let us sleep, and give the Maker praise. —
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right! it's not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

COLUMBIAN ORATION

Abridged

[Delivered at the opening of the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, October 21, 1892.]

HENRY WATTERSON

We look before and after, and we see, through the half-drawn folds of time as through the solemn archways of some grand cathedral, the long procession pass, as silent and as unreal as a dream. The caravels tossing upon Atlantic billows, have their sails refilled from the East and bear away to the West. The land is reached, and fulfilled is the vision whose actualities are to be gathered by other hands than his who planned the voyage and steered the bark of discovery. The long sought golden day has come to Spain at last, and Castilian conquests tread one upon another fast enough to pile up perpetual power and riches.

But even as simple justice was denied Columbus, was lasting tenure denied the Spaniard. We look again, and we see in the far Northeast the old world struggle between the French and the English transferred to the new, ending in the tragedy upon the heights above Quebec. We see the sturdy Puritans in bell-crowned hats and sable garments assail in unequal battle the savage and the elements, over-coming both to rise against a mightier foe; we see the gay, but dauntless Cavaliers, to the southward, join hands with the Roundheads in holy rebellion. And lo! down from the green-walled hills of New England, out of the swamps of the Carolinas, come faintly to the ear, like far away forest leaves stirred to music by autumn winds, the drum-taps of the revolution; the tramp of the minutemen, Israel Putnam riding before; the hoofbeats of Sumter's horse galloping to the front; the thunder of Stark's guns in spirit battle; the gleam of Marion's watch fires in ghostly bivouac; and there, there in serried, saintlike ranks on fame's eternal camping-ground, stand —

> "The old Continentals, in their ragged regimentals, yielding not,"

as, amid the singing of angels in heaven, the scene is shut out from our mortal vision by proud and happy tears.

We see the rise of the young republic, and the gentlemen in knee breeches and powdered wigs who signed the Declaration and the gentlemen in knee breeches and powdered wigs who made the Constitution. We see the little nation menaced from without. We see the riflemen in hunting-shirt and buckskin swarm from the cabin in the wilderness to the rescue of country and home; and our hearts swell to a second and final decree of independence, won by the prowess and valor of American arms upon land and sea.

And then, and then — since there is no life of nations or of men without its shadow and its sorrow — there comes a day when the spirits of the fathers no longer walk upon the battlements of freedom, and all is dark; and all seems lost, save liberty, and honor, and, praise God, our blessed Union. Truly, out of trial comes the strength of man, out of disaster comes the glory of the state!

The curse of slavery is gone. It was a joint heritage of woe, to be wiped out and expiated in blood and flame. The mirage of the Confederacy has vanished. It was essentially bucolic, a vision of Arcadia, the dream of a most attractive economic fallacy. The exact relation of the States to the federal government has been clearly and definitely fixed by the three last amendments to the original chart, which constitute the real treaty of peace between the North and the South, and seal our bonds as a nation forever. The republic represents at last the letter and the spirit of the sublime Declaration. The fetters that bound her to the earth are burst asunder. The rags that degraded her beauty are cast aside. Like the enchanted princess in the legend, clad in spotless raiment and wearing a crown of living light, she steps in the perfection of her maturity upon the scene of this the latest and proudest of her victories to bid a welcome to the world! Need I pursue the theme? This vast assemblage speaks with a resonance and meaning which words can never reach. There is no geography in American manhood. There are no sections to American fraternity. The South claims Lincoln, the immortal, for its own; the North has no right to reject Stonewall Jackson, the one typical Puritan soldier of the war, for its own! Nor will it! The time is coming, is almost here, when hanging above many a mantel board in fair New England—glorifying many a cottage in the sunny South—shall be seen bound together in everlasting love and honor two cross-swords carried to battle respectively by the grandfather who wore the blue and the grandfather who wore the gray. . . . God bless our country's flag! And God be with us, now and ever, God in the rooftree's shade and God on the highway, God in the winds and waves, and God in all our hearts!

AMERICA AND ENGLAND

Washington Irving

The members of a republic, above all other men, should be candid and dispassionate. They are, individually, portions of the sovereign mind and sovereign will, and should be enabled to come to all questions of national concern with calm and unbiased judgments. From the peculiar nature of our relations with England, we must have more frequent questions of a difficult and delicate character with her, than with any other nation; questions that affect the most acute and excitable feelings: and as, in the adjusting of these, our national measures must ultimately be determined by popular sentiment, we cannot be too anxiously attentive to purify it from all latent passion or prepossession.

Opening too, as we do, an asylum for strangers from every portion of the earth, we should receive all with impartiality. It should be our pride to exhibit an example of one nation, at least, destitute of national antipathies, and exercising, not merely the overt acts of hospitality, but those more rare and noble courtesies which spring from liberality of opinion.

What have we to do with national prejudices? They are the inveterate diseases of old countries, contracted in rude and ignorant ages, when nations knew but little of each other, and looked beyond their own boundaries with distrust and hostility. We, on the contrary, have sprung into national existence in an enlightened and philosophic age, when the different parts of the habitable world, and the various branches of the human family, have been indefatigably studied and made known to each other; and we forego the advantages of our birth, if we do not shake off the national prejudices, as we would the local superstitions, of the Old World.

But, above all, let us not be influenced by any angry feelings, so far as to shut our eyes to the perception of what is really excellent and amiable in the English character. We are a young people, necessarily an imitative one, and must take our examples and models, in a great degree, from the existing nations of Europe. There is no country more worthy of our study than England. The spirit of her constitution is most analogous to ours. The manners of her people—their intellectual activity—their freedom of opinion—their habits of thinking on those subjects which concern the dearest interests and most sacred charities of private life, are all congenial to the American character; and, in fact, are all intrinsically excellent: for it is in the moral feeling of the people that the deep foundations of British prosperity are laid; and however the superstructure may be time-worn, or overrun by abuses, there must be something solid in the basis, admirable in the materials, and stable in the structure of an edifice that so long has towered unshaken amid the tempests of the world.

Let it be the pride of our writers, therefore, discarding all feelings of irritation, and disdaining to retaliate the illiberality of British authors, to speak of the English nation without prejudice, and with determined candor. While they rebuke the indiscriminating bigotry with which some of our countrymen admire and imitate everything English, merely because it is English, let them frankly point out what is really worthy of approbation. We may thus place England before us as a perpetual volume of reference, wherein are recorded sound deductions from ages of experience; and while we avoid the errors and absurdities that have crept into the page, we may draw thence golden maxims of practical wisdom, wherewith to strengthen and embellish our national character.

MY RIVAL

Rudyard Kipling

I go to concert, party, ball — what profit is in these?
I sit alone against the wall and strive to look at ease.
The incense that is mine by right they burn before her shrine;
And that's because I'm seventeen and she is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush, my color comes and goes;
I redden to my finger tips, and sometimes to my nose.
But she is white where white should be, and red where red should shine.
The blush that flies at seventeen is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had her constant cheek; I wish that I could sing
All sorts of funny little songs, not quite the proper thing.
I'm very *gauche* and very shy, her jokes aren't in my line;
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen, while she is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go, each pink and white and neat,
She's older than their mothers, but they grovel at her feet.
They walk beside her 'rickshaw wheels — none ever walk by mine;
And that's because I'm seventeen and she is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men (she calls them "boys" and "mashes"),
I trot along the mall alone; my prettiest frocks and sashes
Don't help to fill my programme card, and vainly I repine
From ten to two A.M. Ah, me! would I were forty-nine.

She calls me "darling," "pet," and "dear," and "sweet retiring maid."
I'm always at the back, I know, she puts me in the shade.
She introduces me to men, "cast" lovers, I opine,
For sixty takes to seventeen, nineteen to forty-nine.

But even she must older grow and end her dancing days,
She can't go on forever so at concerts, balls, and plays.
One ray of priceless hope I see before my footsteps shine:
Just think, that she'll be eighty-one when I am forty-nine!

UNCLE SAM'S GREAT BULLFIGHT

Eliot White

They said the bulls were wondrous breed, in horn and hoof and brawn,
And we held them penned in harbor cage to starve them fighting-prime;
Behind the bars they stamped and raged for their open fields of sea,
Till we hoped wild sport of plunge and toss when came the battle time.

Is this the hour, O Spanish bulls, ye choose in sunny Spain
To burst upon the matadors in chapel at the mass?
But we knew your day was Sunday, and we watched your hot black breath
Curl behind our blue church pennant and along the hill-ridge pass.

Pray with one eye toward the cage bolt!—some have said 'tis not full-shot—
Have the other on the flagship—loose your white ducks, throat and hip!

Sudden jingling bells' "Full forward!" bugles' cry and leap of screws
Answer whipping flags that shouted, "Bulls are at the grating lip!"

Had we starved the spirit from them? Had they heard our swords were keen?
No lashing tail or bloodshot eye, or splendid rush to gore
In the open hot arena, but the sinking run from death,
Till we chased in rage to lose the game, goading them rear and fore.

First the banderillos of the six-pound rapid-fires
We thrust into their shoulders, just to make them snort for fight,
Then we waved our scarfs of scarlet flame, to draw them to the charge,
But up the far ring barriers reeled the frightened beasts in flight.

Close to the torn black flanks we hung, scorning the side-long blow
Of lunging head and wild-aimed horn till we turned them to the stand;
Then we held our strokes in pity of the great beasts' sinking knees,
When the espada of the thirteen-inch had thrust them to the sand.

Yet not to kill, our passion, but to fend the trampling hoofs
From crushing sunny helpless fields to pash of slime and blood;

And it may be two of the wounded bulls we'll raise to life again,
That shall stand guard 'neath the eyries of the Eagle's new-fledged brood.

AFTER THE CHARGE AT LA QUASINA

Edward Marshall

There is much that is awe-inspiring about the death of soldiers on the battlefield. Almost all of us have seen men or women die, but they have died in their carefully arranged beds with doctors daintily hoarding the flickering spark, with loved ones clustered about. But death from disease is less awful than death from bullets. On the battlefield there are no delicate, scientific problems of strange microbes to be solved. There is no petting, no coddling — nothing, nothing, nothing but death. The man lives, he is strong, he is vital, every muscle in him is at its fullest tension, when, suddenly, "chug!" he is dead. That "chug" of the bullets striking flesh is nearly always audible. But bullets which are billeted, so far as I know, do not sing on their way. They go silently, grimly to their mark, and the man is lacerated and torn, or dead. I did not hear the bullet shriek that killed Hamilton Fish; I did not hear the bullet shriek that struck the many others who were wounded while I was near them; I did not hear the bullet shriek which struck me.

There were several wounded men there before me. The first-aid men came along, learned that my wound was at the side of and had shattered the spine, and, shaking their heads gravely, gave me a weak solution of ammonia as a stimulant. I heard one of them say he would run for the surgeon. He came in a few moments, and I was surprised, because he examined me first. He told me I was about to die. The news was not pleasant, but it did not interest me particularly.

"Don't you want to send any messages home?" he asked. "If you do, you'd better write 'em — be quick."

I decided to take his advice.

Not far away was a young man, shot through both knees. I had plainly heard the words, "His wound is mortal," passed around among the other wounded, in hoarse whispers; and, as I turned my head, I could see them all looking at me sorrowfully, and one or two had tears in their eyes. The surgeon had done what he could for all of us, and had gone away on a keen run to some other group. The young man who had been shot through both knees painfully worked his way across to me.

"I'm a stenographer at home," he said, grasping my hand, and smoothing it gently. "Let me take your messages for you."

He searched my pockets, got pencil and paper, and I stupidly and slowly dictated three letters. I am sure I had no real conception of anything that had happened since the bullet struck me until, as he finished the last letter, he rolled over in a faint with upturned eyes. Then I understood my dreadful, but unintentional cruelty, and tried to help him. I couldn't move. For the first time I knew that I was paralyzed.

A continual chorus of moans rose through the tree branches overhead. The surgeons, with hands and bared arms dripping, and clothes literally saturated with blood, were straining every nerve to prepare the wounded for the journey down to Siboney. It was a doleful group. Amputation and death stared its members in their gloomy faces.

Suddenly a voice started softly : —

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

Other voices took it up : —

"Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride — "

The quivering, quavering chorus, punctuated by groans and made spasmodic by pain, trembled up from that little group of wounded Americans in the midst of the Cuban solitude — the pluckiest, most heartfelt song that human beings ever sang.

There was one voice that did not quite keep up with the others. It was so weak that I did not hear it until all the rest had finished with the line : —

"Let Freedom ring."

Then, halting, struggling, faint, it repeated, slowly : —

"Land — of — the — Pilgrims' — pride,
Let Freedom — "

The last word was a woeful cry. One more son had died as died the fathers.

THE NEW SOUTH

Henry W. Grady

"There was a South of slavery and secession — that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom — that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war? An army that marched home in defeat and not in victory — in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Let me picture to you the foot-sore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket, the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865! Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds: having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hand of his comrade in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find? — let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the battle stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barn empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone; without money, credit, employment, material training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do — this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and the fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. . . . I want to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is kind of careless about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864, we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But in all this what have we accomplished? What is the sum of our work? We have found that in the general summary the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have learned that the $400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich, when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from twenty-four to four per cent, and are floating four per cent bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to the southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out our latchstring to you and yours.

The new South is enamoured of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of a growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured, and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills — a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in a brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England — from Plymouth Rock all the way — would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the feet of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in his almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil — the American Union saved from the wreck of the war.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself. Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of our dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave; will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not — if she accepts with frankness and sincerity this message of goodwill and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very Society forty years ago, amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united all, united now, and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment, —

"'Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks
March all one way.'"

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

Longfellow

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the canonnade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorréd!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

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